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Unwise to Say Boo to a Goose?

MR. CHURCHILL flings an unworthy, but not very damaging, jibe at Mr. Shinwell in the Commons. There is an instant uproar of protests and booing. A Labour member uses the word "goose" of Mr. Churchill or one of his colleagues. Points of order, more protests, more booing and, finally, another Censure Motion, the second in four days, directed not at any central issues which divide the parties, but, esoterically, at the largely administrative problems of managing a turbulent House of Commons. The public as a whole, starved of a healthy clash of ideas, is roused from a growing apathy about the affairs of Parliament sufficiently to register a weary gesture of distaste at what are more and more considered the childish antics of the Commons.

Is this criticism just? The House is to-day free of the extremes of disorder which beset Liberal Governments early in the century and which led to the introduction of many of to-day's rules of debate. But new tensions have been created, and the passage of essential business has been more troubled in the past two years than at any time since 1914. Since the 1951 election, much of the responsibility for this belongs to the Government. An administration with such a tight majority and no very certain mandate from the country is asking for trouble if it tries to force through in a single Session such contentious and destructive legislation as the Steel and Transport Bills. The Opposition have a reasonable grievance, too, about the maladroit way in which the business of the Commons has been arranged under Mr. Crookshank's leadership. But all this is only half the story. The underlying problem is one which must be faced and solved by the Opposition.

Since 1950, a gradual polarisation of party loyalty in the country has been reflected by inadequate Government majorities in the Commons. This in turn has led to an ever more stringent use of the Party Whip. The present Parliament and the last have both shown that government can be carried on over a period with a majority which, before 1950, would have been regarded as hopelessly small. But the price of this is that every issue, great or small, must be treated as one of confidence in the Government, and Ministers are unwilling to make the smallest concession to argument for fear of unsettling the monolithic discipline on which their slender majority is based.

This is understandably frustrating for an Opposition, which knows in advance that it has even less chance of gaining its points than it would have from a stronger, and so less inhibited, Government. In 1950, the Tory Opposition tried to burst out of its strait-jacket by using the Parliamentary device of praying against governmental Orders to break down the physical endurance of Labour Members by a series of late-night sittings. When Mr. Boothby's famous indiscretion brought this sharply home to the world outside Westminster, there was a revulsion of public opinion and the campaign was gradually abandoned. The present Opposition has rejected such crude tactics and is concentrating on the full (and intrinsically desirable) discussion of routine measures, which are usually passed with little or no debate. As a tactic this is a great improvement; indeed it can sometimes lead to important public gains. The protracted debate on the Army Act, for instance, earlier this year forced the Government to appoint a Select Committee, which may recommend revolutionary changes. Objectively, however, this policy, which stems, like the Prayers of 1950, mainly from the back-benches, is in essence an attempt to disrupt the Government's timetable. It is the technique of turning the rules of debate against the execution of the essential public business they were designed to expedite. A plausible case can be argued for it: both parties have resorted to it; but both are divided about its merits. For it has serious disadvantages—especially for Labour, which, in office, will always need a really efficient Parliamentary machine, able to handle a busy legislative programme without undue delay.

In the first place it is apt to recoil on those who adopt it by creating tensions and disorders which may bring the whole proceedings of the Commons into

disrepute. Secondly, common sense suggests that it may not be very effectual. The Steel and Transport Bills, which the Opposition are entitled to oppose by every legitimate means, have now passed their Second Reading. Transport is already subject to a guillotine and Steel, no doubt, will be. Whatever happens, the Government will not allow these two to be crowded out. The best the Opposition will achieve is to deprive the Government of less contentious measures, some of which may be of genuine value. But by far the strongest argument against this purely tactical manœuvre is that, in fact, it benefits the present Government and harms the Opposition. By concentrating their powers of dialectic largely against legislation, Labour members make certain that too much time is devoted to debating minor government Bills, and too little to other matters of greater public importance. Korea, for instance, and Kenya, unemployment in the docks and the fall in national production, are all matters which urgently require debate. By pleading a genuine shortage of time, the Government can make a respectable case for obstructing their discussion —greatly to the disadvantage of the Opposition.

Each party in turn since 1950 has been baffled by the strategy of effective opposition. By worrying less about tactical votes and concentrating on securing more discussions of long-range policy, the Opposition could regain much of the strategic initiative its recent tactics have surrendered to the Government; public confidence in the importance of Parliamentary debate could be revived; and Labour itself would find nothing more helpful in its difficult task of constructing a new policy out of the ruins of civil war than the functional unity which can arise from hammering out the big issues in constant public debate with the Tories.

"Obsolescent Weapons"

In preparation no doubt for the Nato conference which starts next week, Mr. Churchill has told the House of Commons a little more about the cuts in the Defence programme which he and Mr. Butler have imposed. The Minister of Supply has also given a few details. The programme, which was originally planned to reach its peak in 1954, is now to be simultaneously cut back and stretched out, so that this year's allocation of £650m. for the provision of arms and equipment is not exceeded in any future year. Thus the three-year programme will now take at least five years to complete; its total money cost will rise from £4,700m. to £6,000m.; and the amount of weapons provided (particularly aircraft) will be substantially reduced. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Sandys confirmed that all this means both the creation of temporary unemployment by the cancellation of a number of contracts, and also still larger overseas sales of equipment intended for our own forces. Against these disadvantages, they argued, the cuts will free much more engineering plant for dollar earning—production of jet airliners, for instance, is now to be stepped up at the cost of cutting the increase in the number of fighter squadrons in the R.A.F. Mr. Churchill also stressed that instead of piling up "obsolescent weapons" he intends to concentrate on the development of the newest type of aircraft and of such unconventional weapons as guided missiles.

It is clear enough that the proposals, which Mr. Churchill will place before Nato, involve the scrapping of the whole of the Attlee Defence plan. What he calls "obsolescent weapons" are, in fact, the weapons with which our soldiers would have had to fight if war were to come before 1955. In January, 1950, Mr. Attlee decided that the risk of war was so grave as to justify us in concentrating on producing precisely these "obsolescent weapons." Apparently Mr. Churchill has ruled out the risk of an early war which so much impressed Mr. Attlee, and has returned to the kind of planning in force at the Ministry of Defence before the panic engendered by Korea. Strangely enough, in announcing his decision, he based it exclusively on economic grounds. Rearmament, he said, must be cut back to a level which does not jeopardise our export prospects, which means, in fact, that since we cannot afford to rearm on the assumption that war is imminent, the risk of war must be ordered to recede to a more convenient date!

Persian Oil Again

This week, in the Aden Court, Anglo-Iranian begins its test case against the owner of the *Mary Rose* for shipping Persian oil to Italy. It can scarcely be an accident that over last week-end Mr. Acheson issued a remarkable statement announcing that the State Department would leave it to individual American oil companies to decide whether or not to purchase Persian oil. Though he tried hard, Mr. Eden could scarcely deny that this was, in fact, a change of American policy which could only weaken the British position. It was the intrigues of independent American oil men in Teheran and the maladroitness of Mr. McGhee (then in charge of the Middle Eastern desk at the State Department and himself an oil man) which first encouraged the Persians to expropriate A.O.I.C. Now once again those same independents are to be given a free hand by Mr. Acheson, although a rift in the Anglo-American front just at this time can only stiffen the Persian Premier's obduracy.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that the responsibility for this rift is all on the American side. Like Mr. Morrison before him, Mr. Eden is sticking stubbornly to legal rights. His case is that, since the Persian Government violated its contract and confiscated Anglo-American property without compensation, the company is entitled to use the courts in order to enforce a blockade on anyone who seeks to purchase Persian oil. Mr. Acheson is not unduly concerned about Anglo-Iranian's legal rights: he is intensely interested in the strategy of cold war and realizes that a continued blockade of Persia must increase the risk of a Tudeh putsch. This, no doubt, is why he has been unwilling to give full American backing to the British position. He is surely right in thinking that, even if the court decision at Aden goes in our favour, the British Government will have to ask itself sooner or later whether the amount of compensation Anglo-Iranian is likely to receive is worth the grave political and strategic risks which the enforcement of a blockade involves.

Hope for Africa

In a week which brings renewed violence in Kenya and an ugly upheaval in Morocco, South Africa—where racial relations are generally thought to be at their worst in the African continent—sets a remarkable and inspiring example. Last Monday seven White men and women joined the non-White campaign of passive resistance against racialist laws and regulations, and were duly arrested by the police. Their action cannot fail to have a profound effect in South Africa, where the number of Whites who understand the hopelessness of a racialist future is not so small as often enough, through its own lack of courage and organisation, it has seemed to be. The example of Mr. Duncan, Miss Freda Troupe, and their five companions—whose action is closely identified with the attitude of Mr. Manilal Gandhi, the Mahatma's son—has already been followed by four others. This introduces a new and more hopeful element into the South African struggle.

American Labour Unity?

With the death of William Green and Philip Murray, the two American trade union federations enter a period of Republican government under new leaders. The first reaction both of George Meany, who now becomes head of the A.F. of L., and Walter Reuther, who has risen to command the C.I.O., is to talk once again of labour unity. Both, for the record at least, have offered to resign if unity might thereby be hastened, and both are certain to re-open the negotiations which earlier broke down over William Green's insistence that the C.I.O. "return" to the A.F of L. Though the C.I.O. is now much the weaker of the two groups—since it lost John L. Lewis's miners and purged itself of the Communist-led unions, it is based largely on the steel and auto workers' unions—it could accept unity only as between nominal equals, not as the return of a repentant prodigal.

The gesture of the two new presidents, in fact, may mean more than such gestures normally do. The main obstacle to unity under present conditions is the existence of two rival bureaucracies, which might prove difficult to merge without shedding surplus officials. This is something that is very hard for any trade union movement to do, and it would be especially hard for the C.I.O., most of whose officials are erstwhile "rebels" who would be willing to merge only if their status were adequately guaranteed. The other obstacles to reunion could be overcome if the two union groups could find a way over this particular hurdle. By purging itself of the radical unions, the C.I.O. has disposed of the A.F. of L.'s suspicion of Communist bias. Politically, both federations have worked side by side in recent elections in support of Democratic candidates. And both may well feel that labour's bargaining position in a Republican era will be greatly enhanced if the unions speak with a single voice. It will not be easy for them to agree—even in the last two years there have been quarrels—but they may realise that many of their recent differences have been due to their rivalry, not to any real disagreement on policy, and that unity may now bring them strength that they will need.

Crowded Prisons

Building policy was never more jealously watched by the public than to-day; the waiting thousands demand that houses be given pride of place. In the popular choice, schools and hospitals might come second and third. Prisons would come nowhere: indeed every proposal to take land for a prison causes local uproar. And yet, the Prison Commissioners say in their Report for 1951, six new prisons accommodating 500 men each would be needed to remedy the disastrous overcrowding in local prisons caused by the increase of short-sentence prisoners—three-quarters of the prison population are serving sentences of six months or less. The first new prison in the present building programme may not be ready for use until 1957. With 4,500 men sleeping three in a cell, a working week unavoidably reduced to 22 hours by lack of supervisory staff, and considerable increases in the numbers imprisoned for drunkenness and debt, there is some excuse for saying that the prison system has broken down. If "the prison system" means the scheme introduced by the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, it would be nearer the truth to say, however, that it has not yet gone into action. "Corrective training," so far—and again through lack of accommodation—is no more corrective than the vocational training attempted in prisons for the past two decades; and the new "preventive detention" has not even been given an opportunity by the courts, who (say the Prison Commissioners) still show "no disposition to use the powers conferred on them for imposing a longer maximum sentence." Even as it is, at the end of 1951 there had been a 35 per cent increase in the number of discharged "corrective trainees" declared to be "still satisfactory." The accommodation question is a dilemma for any Government, but surely the solution lies in seeking alternatives to short-term imprisonments. It is these that are packing the local prisons.

BONN

Dr. Adenauer's Turnabout

A Correspondent writes: A major constitutional crisis has suddenly developed in Western Germany as a result of a manœuvre which failed to come off. The crisis began just over a week ago, with a sudden *volte face* by Dr. Adenauer. On December 3 he was still asserting the imperative need to ratify the Defence Agreements without a moment's delay. Barely 24 hours later, the Government Coalition coolly announced its decision to postpone the third reading of the Ratification Bills until the Constitutional Court at Karlsruhe had given its ruling.

Until this week the constitutional issue, which figured so prominently in the Bundestag debate on the Defence Agreements, was little more than a delaying tactic, adopted, among others, by the Social-Democrats, in order to frustrate a Bill which they opposed for purely political reasons. When matters threatened to become awkward, the Chancellor decided to beat the Opposition at its own constitutional game. His hope of success rested on the peculiar character of the Court, which consists of two Senates with divided competences for different types of questions. The first of them is liberal and democratically minded, while the second, to put it mildly, is not—hence their rather misleading nicknames the "Red" and the "Black" Senates.

A few months ago, the Social-Democrats asked the Red Senate to give its ruling on the constitutional propriety of ratification by a simple majority as against a two-thirds majority. The Senators replied that they could not pass judgment on the Bills until they had been passed by Parliament, and thereby postponed the constitutional issue until ratification had been completed. Last week Dr. Adenauer managed to submit the same question in a somewhat different form to the Black Senate in the hope that it would give an immediate ruling in his favour. The blatancy of this manœuvre was too much for the Court. Contrary to the Chancellor's wishes, the Black Senate decided to defer his appeal until after the hearing of yet a third application—an appeal for an advisory ruling which had been made by the President of the Republic, Dr. Heuss. On Tuesday, this application came before the two Senates sitting together as a full Court. The Court announced that its ruling would be binding on any subsequent applications to it by *both* Government *and* Opposition.

This unexpected decision deprived the Chancellor of his one ace—the political bias of the Black Senate. For 24 hours it looked as though Dr. Adenauer's tactics had met with defeat. On Wednesday, however, news came that, under pressure from the Cabinet, the President had consented to withdraw his appeal. The constitutional deadlock may, after all, be overcome.

Why has Dr. Adenauer precipitated this crisis? He knew that, once the Agreements were passed by the Bundestag, the Socialists would be entitled to have their appeal heard by the Red Senate; and at the very least this would mean months of delay before rearmament could begin. For some time, Dr. Adenauer accepted this prospect philosophically, but recently he began to realise that delay would be risky. His Coalition partners, especially the Free Democrats, showed increasing restiveness. The liberal minority of that Party had long ago expressed its sympathy with the Opposition's view on ratification. The extreme Right, on the other hand, was becoming more and more insistent that ratification should be held up as a means of wresting further concessions from the Western Powers. "Concessions" in this case meant above all the release of war criminals. An important section of Free Democrats, led by Herr Mende, declared that they would not vote for ratification unless a substantial number of war criminals were released before Christmas.

Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick countered this agitation with a forceful rejoinder published in the German press. His statement appeared on December 2, one day before the second reading of the Ratification Bills. The next morning the Free Democrats held a private meeting. A substantial number of them seem to have decided not to vote for ratification unless the Chancellor concerned himself more actively with their special interests. Their blackmail worked. Dr. Adenauer could not afford to lose their support. Even less could he afford to become their prisoner. A long delay over ratification would most likely have meant that. Hence his decisions to try to get the issue settled once and for all. His appeal to the second Senate was a piece of political sharp practice which has boomeranged against him.

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DELHI

Parliament in Session

An Indian Correspondent writes: "The Government is like a tigress which lifts her cubs with her teeth but does not hurt," said Mr. Deshmukh, the Minister of Finance, quoting a Sanskrit text in support of a Bill to introduce death duties. The relevance of Deshmukh's quotations is not always clear. The Estate Duties Bill, however, did not hurt anyone except the representatives of the Hindu Mahasabha. The others supported it with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Only the Mahasabhites felt that death duties would disrupt the Hindu family and kill the propertied goose which laid the golden eggs. The Socialists did not attach much importance to the measure since the geese were only 0.3 per cent of the population and their yield would be a mere £7.5 millions. The Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

The main object of levying a charge on property passing on death is to find money for the Five-Year Plan. The Plan is to cost £1,495 millions approx. The total available resources leave a deficit of £247 millions. Since the rate at which the death duty is to be levied is to be fixed annually, the estimates of the yield are purely conjectural; but no one expects it to be large enough to bridge the gap. The Government is not likely to ask for any more external aid than has been promised—£97 millions. Hiren Mukerjee (Communist) suggested touching the Nizam of Hyderabad for £373 millions. Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookerjee (Jan Sangh—Right Wing) suggested the reimposition of tax on salt and a modification of the policy of prohibition. The Government did not take the baits cast by the Mookerjees. Dr. Shyama Prasad has been casting too many with the end of the hook showing. Nothing would bring the Congress Government into more disrepute than the reimposition of a tax whose abolition Gandhi had made an article of faith.

The Mahasabha and Jan Sangh have shot many arrows wide of the mark this session. In the Parliament they tried to exploit the Indo-Pakistan tension over the exodus last month of 300,000 non-Muslims from East Bengal, calling for a halt to the policy of "appeasement." Last week they moved adjournment motions to consider "serious situation arising out of the repressive measures" used by the Government of Jammu and Kashmir to suppress the activities of the Praja Parishad (anti-Abdullah Hindu Organisation) in the city of Jammu. Outside Parliament they have been organising mass meetings and signature campaigns to ban the slaughter of kine. The Government had no difficulty in getting the Leftist opposition to neutralise these arguments.

The present session, which has so far been uneventful, is likely to be livened up by the debate on the Five-Year Plan, to which references have already been made in connection with other legislation. In the debate on the policy of controls of food grains, the chief factor which weighed with the Government was that the success of the Plan should not be jeopardised by rising prices. The Food Minister, Kidwai, who had been flirting with the idea of partial decontrol (as in Madras) was pulled up by his own colleagues. His policy was described as the "atom bomb" under the Five-Year Plan. Mr. Nehru made it clear that the Government intended to keep "the tightest possible grip" on food while the Plan was being worked out.

The Communist members of Parliament have been meeting for several days to work out their line of attack on the Plan. There are indications that this will be directed to the question of land distribution and the extent of aid from foreign countries. One point on which the draft has already been revised under Leftist pressure is in the fixing of a maximum limit for holdings of land.

MALAYA

Rubber Troubles

Our Singapore correspondent writes: In his visit to London, General Templer will have been able to report significant improvements in several directions. There are fewer murders, fewer attacks on mines and estates; and slashing of rubber trees has dropped from 70,000 a month to 9,000 a month. To this extent the Communists have "withdrawn." At the same time the General's reorganization of the police and Home Guard is beginning to pay dividends. Terrorists are still being killed in larger numbers in spite of fewer terrorist acts. Because of this, and because of the Communists' new tactics in concentrating attacks on the Security forces, in place of mass intimidation and sabotage, the situation generally in Malaya, from the point of view of the Emergency, can be said to be easier.

The time is not yet, however, when Mr. Alec Petersen, the new Director General of Information, can justify his statement that the case for the Government against the Communists in Malaya "is so overwhelming that all that is required is for us to state it." The sober truth is that with half the people illiterate, with rubber tappers forced to take a third cut in wages and to live on bare subsistence wages, the Government is a long way away from having a good case, no matter how honourable its intentions. Communist propaganda continues to point out that without American dollars from Malayan rubber Britain would be in a very unhappy position. Yet, of the $9 worth of rubber each tapper collects daily, he probably gets less than two dollars. In addition, the illiterate tapper has some difficulty in understanding why the incomes of Government officials should have been substantially increased while his own wages were reduced three times in succession. Suspicion is also bred when the cost of production figures submitted to the Arbitration Board by the employers are rejected as incomplete by the impartial Government statistician.

The last wage cut affected 350,000 tappers—Indians, Chinese and Malay. After negotiations on the size of the cut broke down, the rubber workers' unions agreed to go to arbitration and to accept the award. They thought the employers also agreed. Now it is revealed that the employers were prepared to accept the award only if it was "reasonable." They have decided it is not reasonable; and they now want an end to free collective bargaining and the institution, instead, of a Government-controlled Wages Council. The fact is that every time the workers went to arbitration they got a better deal than the employers were prepared to give them. Almost in desperation the workers are hoping that the Government will accept the strong recommendation of the Arbitration Board to appoint a Commission of Inquiry into the rubber industry as a whole. In the interests of the country and the industry (which is the basis of Malayan economy), they are hoping that, if a Commission is formed, experts like Mr. P. T. Bauer of Cambridge University, and Professor T. H. Silcock of the University of Malaya, in whom they have faith, will be invited to become members.

Policy for Kenya

MR. WIGG is right in saying that Mr. Oliver Lyttelton should not remain Colonial Secretary. The Kenya situation is dangerous; it is not improving. In such an impasse, pacification in any real sense can only be achieved if disciplinary police action is supplemented by measures to remove the cause of disaffection. These are extremely hard to put into effect in face of the undisciplined fury of that small group of settlers who have been fighting for power against the Colonial Office for the last 30 years.

We now know that more than a year ago Sir Philip Mitchell, who was then Governor of Kenya, warned Mr. Lyttelton that "we are confronted with an African agrarian, economic and social revolution," and suggested that a Royal Commission should be set up to study this revolution "from a modern point of view" in order that East Africa might not suffer as other parts of the world had done by "allowing the revolution to run its course unregulated and undirected." Mr. Lyttelton waited until Mau Mau murders began before paying attention to Sir Philip's words.

Mr. Lyttelton's answers to cross-questioning in the House of Commons suggest that at heart he belongs to the good old put-them-up-against-a-wall-and-shoot-them school. At Nairobi he astonished an experienced group of pressmen by agreeing with Sir Philip that the movement among the Kikuyu was "revolutionary" but adding that (unlike every other revolution in history) it was not the offspring of economic conditions or social frustrations. This diagnosis enabled him to argue that any Kikuyu grievance about land can be dealt with, if at all, after the report of a Royal Commission, while nothing can be speedily done about wages which are now, for many thousands, little above starvation level. Such a reassuring Bourbonism naturally encourages the vociferous settler group in the Legislative Council to attack the Kenya Administration as too gentle in handling the Kikuyu.

The British public has forgotten that this same clique of settlers demanded year after year an absolute "unofficial majority" in the Council, with the avowed object of eventually achieving the right to rule as they pleased, without Colonial Office supervision, over the 20 million Africans, Indians, Arabs of Uganda, Tanganyika and Kenya; that it was only after a prolonged struggle that they were defeated in an endeavour to institute forced labour in Kenya; and that on one occasion they went to the length of planning to enforce their demands by kidnapping the Governor of the Colony.

With the growth of a more liberal spirit among a large majority of Europeans in the Colony, and the general acceptance of an enlightened colonial policy in Africa, Kenya seemed to have outgrown these symptoms of adolescence. Certainly no such revolutionary thoughts occupy the mind of Mr. Blundell, the present head of the European elected Members. But the Mau Mau murders have given violent men their opportunity; dangerous thoughts are again expressed in the Legislative Council, and it is high time to recall that Britain is still absolutely pledged by the Duke of Devonshire's famous declaration, since repeated in a score of official documents, that, where the interests of Europeans and Africans conflict in Kenya, the "interests of the Africans shall prevail." The moral of the present Kikuyu rising is not that this declaration should be rescinded, but that the present outbreak of violence among a usually peaceable and inoffensive tribe is the result of our failure to make good our word.

Sir Evelyn Baring is no kind of extremist. The son of Lord Cromer is no doubt an imperialist, but he is an experienced and responsible diplomat with a close understanding of Africa, no doubt increased by his part in the Seretse Khama episode. He knows, for instance, that to fail in our attempt to create a multi-racial State in East Africa would mean a future of recurrent murder, permanent revolution and perpetual repression. He doubtless welcomed the Labour Government's decision to give Africans their own representatives on the Council, and he has shown in a number of ways—not least by his speech when he opened the United Kenya Club where all races meet on equal terms—that he accepts the New Deal, which is in fact the White Man's only hope of survival in East Africa. He is probably distressed by the indiscriminate violence of repression; he perhaps regards the presence of the Lancashire Fusiliers, some of whom have recently expressed disgust at the brutality shown to the Africans, as some check on European exuberance as well as a means of overawing the Kikuyu. But that he is not a strong man would seem to follow from the resignation of Mr. Neep, the nominated Deputy Speaker who outraged settler opinion by the unanswerable logic with which he tore to pieces the special Ordinances.

I assume, with some confidence, that Sir Evelyn asks himself questions that some settlers seem to ignore. Will money be invested in East Africa if every European carries a gun and every African hides his *panga*? Will business thrive in Nairobi without willing African labour? Will the delectable life of the settler, in country advertised so widely and so truthfully as the loveliest in the world, continue if no European can trust the African who tills his soil or serves his meals? Is not the present policy fulfilling the purpose of Mau Mau in producing bankruptcy and an atmosphere of uncertainty that must lead to the gradual evacuation of the White Highlands? In short, we may assume with some certainty that Sir Evelyn does not accept as adequate the current formula that "we Europeans must make the Kikuyu more afraid of us than of Mau Mau." He knows that the wiser aphorism is that Africans must learn to hope more from the Government than from Mau Mau.

The Kenya African Union, of which it is said Mau Mau is the activist wing—much as the Stern Gang was the violent end of legitimate Zionism—held out hopes to Africans of relief from the shocking congestion of the reserves; it enabled the young African to believe that, if he were qualified, he might expect before long to be paid as a civil servant or teacher the same "rate for the job" as a European, and that, if he entered politics, he would have freedom to speak and write and to take part in the government of his own country on terms of equality. It enabled thoughtful Africans to hope that some

day, not too far ahead, there might be "a common role" in which those who were educated enough to understand public affairs would vote irrespective of their racial differences. Most important of all, it encouraged him, by its existence, to look forward to the time when he would not be treated as an inferior in his own country; not barred from restaurants and hotels in Nairobi nor prevented from building up an independent or co-operative business by being prohibited from borrowing money on proper security from the banks. He hoped in course of time to win the right freely to grow cash crops as Africans do in Uganda, and finally to become a fully independent citizen of Kenya.

These were legitimate hopes; the most important element in pacification is to revive them. Africans must rebuild a political organisation with a non-violent, recognised programme of emancipation; they must be allowed freely to proclaim it, even though it may be highly distasteful to members of exclusive European clubs.

The right policy also includes a decision immediately to open up new schemes of land development. The Agricultural Department of Kenya can already boast of excellent pilot schemes which provide opportunity for a few Kikuyu. These should at once be extended. The one good thing that has so far come out of the present struggle is that when the Government could not find room in the reserves for evicted Kikuyu squatters, it proceeded to settle them on unalienated land. This should be done as a matter of policy and not grudgingly as if it were a desperate and unavoidable expedient.

There is every reason to believe that Sir Evelyn understands these necessities. Unfortunately there is at present no reason to think that he will be able to persuade the settlers to agree. At present *all* African political activities are forbidden; we can only guess at the effect of this prohibition on the still law-abiding tribes. Settlers, on the other hand, are permitted to write violent letters to European papers which are avidly read by Africans. Settlers can hold meetings and threaten every kind of violence. In the Legislative Council some set an example to their African colleagues by revolutionary attacks on the Administration. This minority will oppose with vehemence any enlightened programme of African emancipation. They argue that while the Kikuyu are still unpacified, no concessions must be made to violence; later, if ruthless repression has been temporarily achieved, they will argue that African political organisation is unnecessary.

Unless there is a curb on European extremism it is unlikely that the political policy necessary for pacification can be carried out. A strong-willed Governor, supported by a resolute but progressive Colonial Secretary, would recognise that he cannot carry through his policy without dealing firmly with the extreme group of settlers. He would seek to build a new advisory body of Europeans and Africans and Indians prepared to work out a common policy of social change; if necessary he would suspend the Legislative Council; and as a temporary dictator, prohibit all inflammatory utterances from Europeans as well as Africans. In the absence of such a strong, unpopular and constructive policy, it is difficult to see any but a dark future for Kenya.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Price of Survival

IN the following article I shall try to summarise the ideas behind the long-term economic plan which I recently suggested in a Fabian Lecture. It seems to me that the Labour Party in Opposition ought to work out a constructive programme for facing the country's major problems, and evolve its policies out of that. With seven years' experience of the post-war world, we should surely base our new programme explicitly on the objective of economic survival, and independence, for this country. This means tackling two very formidable, but separate, long-term problems: (1) the world (and sterling area) dollar gap; and (2) the U.K.'s own balance of payments.

The dollar problem is far the most serious, and likely to be the most lasting. If I mention it here only briefly, it is because I was in my lecture concerned with U.K. policy. The world dollar gap (measured by the annual $5,000m.—$10,000m. U.S. export surplus) is not likely to disappear until it is attacked concertedly by both the North American and Commonwealth Governments, and in a way which does not at the moment look at all probable. Therefore, the sterling countries must meanwhile do what they can jointly to reduce their own dollar deficit, by relentless dollar economies, production of substitutes, and a dollar export drive.

The U.K. has to devise a programme to fit into this. It must do its own strenuous best in dollar economy, dollar exports, and in the building up of an export surplus mainly to the backward countries of the sterling area. This surplus will at once help in developing those countries' resources, providing substitutes for dollar imports like aluminium, tobacco, etc., and enabling those countries in turn to earn a dollar surplus for the whole area. If the U.K. is to achieve this surplus, we must be unrelenting in limiting U.K. imports.

Even if we do this, the task of getting the further rise needed in exports is formidable. Before trying to measure it in figures, one must ask whether it is possible to achieve a big further rise in the volume of exports at all. If there is a world deflation, of course, it will not be. But to work on that assumption would be a counsel of despair. So long as there is no such deflation, the wisest policy is surely to try to produce and sell those goods which we are at least most likely to sell.

Broadly, there does not seem to be much doubt which these goods are. They are those for which we have natural advantages, and which at the same time the world wants, and is likely to go on wanting—i.e., mainly coal, steel, engineering (including aircraft, vehicles and shipbuilding) and chemical goods.

We have obvious natural advantages for coal and steel; while engineering and chemicals are based on coal and steel, and require skill and experience which we also have in plenty. Within this field, we should select as good export candidates, the products of the newer, most scientifically developed trades, such as jet aircraft, electrical goods, nylon, Terylene, etc., and concentrate specially on goods embodying the smallest amount of imported materials, and the highest "conversion" factor.

Is it possible to translate these generalities into some sort of statistical map of the task ahead? It seems to me that the Government ought now to work out some such plan, since Governments alone have the information to do this thoroughly. The Government is indeed already committed to home targets in food production, steel and coal; and it is being forced to accept something like a Commonwealth Plan. But unless and until the Government gets going, should others make the attempt? On the whole, I think, yes—but only as an effort to measure the magnitude of the task, rather than to set out precise targets or still less to forecast the ever uncertain course of events.

I assume, then, a 10-year period, because big changes in steel and coal capacity cannot be achieved in less. First, we should decide what export surplus for investment abroad the U.K. should have at the end of that period. Harold Wilson has suggested £350m. to £400m. But experience with the targets in the long-term U.K. Programme put forward to O.E.E.C. in 1948 leads me to think £300m. is the highest we could do. What level of exports would be then necessary? This depends on the probable rise in imports over the ten years. Even if we assume no rise in manufactured imports, and a 20 per cent drop in the volume of food imports, the total rise hardly seems likely to be much less than £900m. This assumes that our general production goes up by 2½ per cent. a year, that imports of materials bear the same relation to total production as now, and that prices of food and material imports rise by a further 10 per cent. over 1952. If it is then reasonable to count on a £25m. annual rise in our earnings from "invisible" exports, the rise in total exports required over 1952 would be about 30 per cent in volume (assuming export prices do not rise) to a volume about 100 per cent above pre-war.

Can this be done? From coal, if production could be pushed in ten years to about 275m.-280m. tons—not very far above the present target of 260m.—it should be possible to find 45m. tons for exports, or a further £150m. Steel and chemicals should be able to contribute another £150m. more exports between them. This—leaving out of account all other exports—would leave about £600m. more exports to come from all the engineering industries. Is this too stiff? It is an increase in those industries' present exports of barely 6 per cent a year, and of their total production by less than 2 per cent a year. (And, let us remember, 400 modern jet airliners alone are worth £100m.)

For this, however, one would, of course, require a much higher national investment programme. Allowing for the demands of this on the steel and engineering industries, we should need—so far as I can estimate—an expansion of output in the engineering industries by about 40 per cent, and in the steel industry by about 50 per cent, to 25m. tons (after ten years) against that industry's present target of about 20m. tons five years hence. All this would, of course, depend on a steady increase in general production. I have put it at 2½ per cent a year, or £300m. at present prices—less than was achieved under the Labour Governments. The country would have to choose how this was allocated between exports, investment and consumption. If £100m. were absorbed by each in every year of the ten, new investment would have about doubled by the end of the period, and total exports passed the target.

These results involve a 20 per cent saving in the volume of food imports and a 40 per cent increase in the volume of home food production. This would carry the latter in ten years to about 100 per cent over pre-war, compared with the present 40 per cent above; and it would leave us

with a 10 per cent increase in food consumption. Can we achieve a 40 per cent increase in home output in ten years? All the agricultural experts seem to agree that we can—on one condition, that a higher proportion of our farms are managed by people capable of farming with an equipment and efficiency nearer to that prevalent on the best.

Any critic, of course, may quite rightly say that most of these assumptions are guesswork. True, but if things turn out more fortunately, we shall be able to raise our export surplus for investment abroad to £400m. or beyond. If they turn out less fortunately, we must forgo the 10 per cent increase in food consumption. There is room for adjustment in these two ways—as we go along—to the unpredictable course of events.

If some such programme is agreed to be at least a reasonable insurance for our country's future, the practical question is: "Can the public and the Government influence events in this direction, and if so, how?" To some extent, we should be swimming with the economic tide. For the present tendency is for the metal and chemical industries to expand. But, clearly, purposive aids will be necessary, and it is on this assumption that (I suggest) the Party might build its policy. The following practical proposals, therefore, seem to emerge as worth study:—

1. We shall need the *general framework of controls*, which enabled the investment and output targets of the 1948 programme to be largely reached, and kept the U.K.'s overseas payments in balance throughout 1948, 1949 and 1950—i.e., mainly import, exchange, and building controls, steel allocation, etc. If we let these go, there will be waste of precious resources.

2. But these guides are negative, and, beyond a point, positive pushes are also needed. Though coal and (re-nationalised) steel would no doubt try to expand as planned, this may not be so true of chemicals and engineering. A very strong case is thus made out *for wider public ownership in these basic industries*, which have to be thus expanded, both for defence and exports. Large-scale investment in them will be necessary (whether technically with public money or not); and so there ought to be social control and ownership. And how can a large Commonwealth Plan be carried out without public finance?

3. There has got to be a *much heavier investment programme*. This need not prevent any rise in consumption, or in social services, occurring at all. But it does mean that any such rise must be selective and must come mainly by redistribution; and, therefore that *high taxation on profits and large incomes* must continue.

4. Some extra manpower will be needed for the expanding metal industries. Part of it should come from a raising of the normal retiring age nearer to 70 than the present 60 or 65. This can vastly help to solve all our economic problems; for it is utterly absurd, with a healthier and more long-lived people, that so many should be prevented from working for much more than half their lives. Should not we marry this prime economic need, with the ideal of some advance in social services, by giving priority to a *better bonus in retirement pensions for those who work longer?*

5. If we mean business in getting higher farming output, must we not tackle the dual issue of the less efficient farmer, and of the well-qualified potential farmer without capital who cannot get his chance? Should we not explore two ideas: (1) *that when a farm comes up for sale or let, the State should have the chance to step in and allocate it to a farmer of proved ability;* (2) *that State finance corporation should provide capital on loan to farmers at low interest rates.*

6. Plainly, *high priority must be given to education generally, and industrial research in particular.* Much has been done already. But if as a nation we mean to make up by brains, skill, and high productivity, for our lack of materials and manpower, this effort must surely be even more strenuously organised.

7. There will have to be much real private enterprise—specially in the newer and smaller firms in secondary trades—as well as public enterprise. This suggests that *a stronger Monopolies Commission for stopping restrictive practices* should clearly be in the programme, and perhaps also a change in the Company laws which would give the employee as well as shareholders a voice in electing directors.

8. We shall need a new campaign to secure reasonable price stability in conditions of full employment. This will involve, certainly, *price control, subsidies, high taxes on profits, dividend limitation, and probably some new measures as well.*

Even so, it will not be an easy climb.

DOUGLAS JAY

London Diary

LAST week at Leeds Assizes Mr. Justice Cassels passed sentence of four years' imprisonment on a thief whose proved list of twenty-five previous convictions had begun in his boyhood with two judicial birchings. "What is so often claimed for corporal punishment does not seem to have been realised in your case," he said to the prisoner; "I wonder if you would have been so bad had you been put on probation under the care of a probation officer." Oddly enough, at the Old Bailey on the same day, the Lord Chief Justice, dealing with two Walthamstow boys who had admitted using an air gun to rob two other boys in Epping Forest, said that "it would have done them good if they had had a good larruping." He added that "what they want is to have somebody who would give them a thundering good beating, and then perhaps they wouldn't do it again. I suppose they were brought up to be treated like little darlings and tucked up in bed at night."

Information, printed in some of the daily newspapers, seems to suggest that the home life of these boys was not, in fact, like this. One of them, especially, had frequently been beaten by his father. Indeed I am told that so far from being the product of mollycoddling, he might even be taken as an example of how bad tendencies may be fostered by an excess of larruping. I wonder whether the Lord Chief Justice has made enquiries about this? He is, by nature of his office, a specialist on evidence and a just man who would certainly wish to correct any error he has made.

* * *

A fortnight ago I quoted the surprising case of an Army Commandant at Long Marston who had issued orders instituting a voluntary contribution scheme to the King George VI Memorial Fund on a sliding scale. This was a system, as one M.P. put it, by which, in theory, a man *might* "contract out of a voluntary contribution." I am glad to see that several M.P.s have taken the matter up in the House, and that Mr. Head replied that the Commandant's order was not "in accordance with instructions issued by the War Office," and that the Army Council has made it clear that any future contributions are to be really voluntary. So democracy should work. A soldier writes to Critic enclosing a copy of the orders; Critic publishes; two Socialist and one Conservative M.P.s read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and the Minister promptly falls into line. Only one man is unhappy: the Colonel who should have known better.

Many Europeans and probably all Africans in Nairobi believe that the Burma market was burnt down, not accidentally, but deliberately as a reprisal for the murder of Tom Mbotela the night before. An eye-witness tells me that the fire broke out in a number of different places in the market after it was shut, that the fire brigade made no attempt to stop the fire, and that Africans were prevented from entering to save their property. Many of them lost everything they possessed. My informant says that many stood round sobbing. Whether it is Mau Mau that they are being taught to hate by collective punishment, I beg leave to doubt.

* * *

I have heard some people complain that Mr. Pritt should be defending Kenyatta. I can see no ground for complaint. Ideally it would no doubt have been wiser for the Africans to brief a less political Counsel, but if local Indian barristers made no adequate response to Nehru's appeal to come forward to defend the Africans, and no other British Q.C. stepped into the breach, then, instead of complaining, we ought to be grateful to Mr. Pritt for offering his services. There are occasions when he loses his temper at the wrong moment and antagonises the judge, but no one pleads more effectively before the Privy Council and no one is better able than he to fight a tough case on behalf of a politically unpopular client. An essential qualification in such circumstances is for Counsel not to mind making himself disliked: I thought Mr. Pritt did well in challenging the prosecution on many counts. I laughed at the surprise he caused by mentioning the really rather well-known fact that in most countries to-day in emergency situations—if not normally—telephones are tapped and letters opened. Certainly conditions for Defending Counsel are difficult enough in Kenya to-day, and if Mr. Pritt makes political capital out of the defence, the old political parties and ambitious political barristers have no one but themselves to blame.

* * *

I see that the translator in the Kenyatta trial is Mr. L. S. B. Leakey, who is one of the very few first-class authorities on the Kikuyu people. He was born and bred amongst them. He is proud of being a Kikuyu, of being accepted as a member of the tribe, and has been for many years trying to make Europeans interested in the Kikuyu society and psychology. He has now rushed out a small book called *Mau Mau* (Methuen 7s. 6d.), which repeats in simple form much that is already familiar to students of anthropology about Kikuyu oaths, marriage customs and religion, and the destructive impact of European civilisation upon them. He makes the point, I am sure correctly, that "Mau Mau is only another name for the old K.C.A.," that is the Kikuyu Central Association which was suppressed in the middle of the last war. I was disappointed, however, with his description of Mau Mau; he did not tell us why this revolutionary movement became violent at the particular moment that it did. His summary of the type of reform that he thinks necessary if Europeans are to have any future in Kenya, is woefully hurried and inadequate. But the book will be useful to many people who may not realise that the Kikuyu are normally a very peaceful and inoffensive people whom we have only driven to violence by our ignorant disregard of their needs, their minds, and their way of life.

Those who want to acquire a much fuller and rounded picture of Kenya will be glad to know that Negley Farson's *Last Chance in Africa*, which I recently recommended, is republished by Gollancz with a fresh comment by the author.

According to a story current in Paris, it was not only the Free Democrats' rebellion which made Adenauer put off ratification of the Defence Agreements. The story goes that, last week, several C.D.U. deputies received letters from Dr. Brüning, still an active figure in the U.S. He wrote to say that Eisenhower, in his genuine anxiety to end the fighting in Korea, had made indirect contacts with the Russians. He was told that they were not interested in a separate Korean armistice, but were ready to consider general East-West conversations on all issues, including the Far East and Germany. Eisenhower had not given a negative reply; the door, Brüning thought, was still open. He therefore urged his C.D.U. friends not to be stampeded by Adenauer into voting for a policy which might be outdated in a short time. True or not, the story about the letters was quickly spread in the Bundestag, with the result that Adenauer was told that, if he insisted on a final vote of immediate ratification of the Bonn-Paris agreements, he might be defeated by the same majority that on November 18 insisted on postponement. This may have been one reason why Adenauer put off the final vote until January. How much attention, of course, we should pay to the story about Eisenhower remains a matter of opinion.

* * *

The fog had got into the National Gallery before me—we ate it and drank it and choked over it as we stood admiring the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Titian and Velasquez. In one large room many pictures have no glass; it is agreed that the full flavour is better enjoyed that way. But one had to stand very near the pictures to see them and an attendant, whom I asked whether the fog was good for Dutch Interiors, ran his hand along a wooden rail to show me the film of soot on it. Tomorrow, he said, cleaning experts would have to wipe a deposit of London dirt off every one of these priceless works of art. This, he thought, should not be allowed; the Gallery should be shut during a bad fog unless all the pictures were protected by glass. I should have agreed had I not seen a better remedy at hand. The answer is that all rooms must be air-conditioned. For financial reasons only one is complete so far, though others are under construction. In this haven, you stand in a lovely clear light, warm and bathed in unpolluted air. How could one better spend a foggy Sunday afternoon than here, even if one had only a limited interest in Leonardos, Georgiones and Bellinis. So I thought as I noticed on the seats in the middle of the room, a blissful elderly person who, with a book in his hand, was fast asleep, making no pretence at all of admiring Bellini's gorgeous portrait of the Doge.

The Germans, I said to myself as I walked out into Pall Mall, would never have allowed anyone to make such use of a cultural opportunity. How wisely tolerant we were to allow, within reasonable limits, the National Gallery to be used by the idle and elderly, and, probably, out of work, as a better refuge than the British Museum, a station waiting room, or a seat on the Embankment! I felt quite benevolent about it as I entered a large building. The room of the club was not air-conditioned, but there was an admirable fire. Around it, much as in the National Gallery, were several elderly, idle persons, pretending to read books, and dozing comfortably, secure from the fog. I ordered tea and crumpet and was soon lost in a happy, uncultured sleep.

* * *

One of the subtler Big Fog scenes occurred last Saturday night at a party given in honour of two of the Soviet writers now visiting London. As they entered the crowded room, panting for breath and rubbing the soot out of their eyes, the hostess exclaimed to one of them: "Do tell us—do you ever have fogs like *this* in the Soviet Union?" He opened his mouth, hesitated for a split second, suppressed the natural reflex, and replied meekly: "No, we have *no* such fogs in the Soviet Union."

CRITIC

SITUATION VACANT

Uno, ark of the Nations, displays an empty place,
Heads of delegations deplore the vacant space,
Graver grows the crisis, but somewhere there must be
Somebody with weight enough,
Who's shrewd enough and good enough,
Somebody who's great enough to follow Trygvie Lie.

Confidence in Uno is disintegrating fast,
Many fear its future will be shorter than its past,
But nations striding backward must still be backward led,
And Uno is a body vainly looking for its head.

Somebody must take the seat its occupant resigned,
Somebody must soon revive lost hopes of all mankind,
Some illustrious citizen of any third-class State,
Someone who will guide the weak and not defy the great.

Someone who will never take an inconvenient stand,
Someone ready and willing to eat out of the hand,
Somebody who speaks great words on universal rule,
Somebody content to be the State Department's tool.

No one for the vacancy can anywhere be found,
Nobody can fill the place though nobodies abound,
National nonentities their countries cannot spare,
But no one but a nobody can take the empty chair.

Uno, calling the Nations, for somebody appeals
Briefed on Uno's purposes, its Charter and ideals,
Somebody exhibiting the highest moral worth,
Somebody who'll crawl enough,
Who's weak enough and meek enough,
Somebody who's small enough for the biggest job on earth.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

An appeal against Esher Council's refusal to allow an illuminated sign at Hurst Service Station, East Molesey, has been allowed by the Minister of Housing and Local Government subject to certain conditions. One is that the sign shall not be illuminated.—*Esher News.* (S. Marshall.)

Another Chesterfield firm of food manufacturers announced last night that it was X-raying its Christmas puddings because nails, pieces of wood, and bits of wire had been found in imported dried fruit.—*Manchester Guardian.* (D. A. Nicholls.)

A liquid recently sent to the Birmingham City Analyst for analysis comprised a dilute solution of iron ammonium citrate, and was intended for use as an agent for darkening the noses of puppy bulldogs.—*Manchester Guardian.* (Mrs. Podger.)

Southport Parks and Cemetery Committee had suggested a crematorium and two graveyard extensions to mark the Coronation, the Town Council was told.—*Daily Herald.* (John D. Hamilton.)

Statuettes of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are exempt from purchase tax—but not if they have an ashtray attached.—*News Chronicle.* (L. G. Polley.)

May we remind people who bought brawn or beef-steak pies at the Christmas Market to be good enough to return them to Miss ——, as they will be needed for the stall next year.—*Witham Parish Magazine.* (Ethel Harker.)

Murder in Tunis

AND so they killed Ferhad Hached. They had ambushed him on a road, shot him, and battered his face to pulp, so that he could be recognised only from the papers found on him. These were left on the body so that there should be no mistaking who he was. Next day, *The Times* correspondent wrote:

> French official circles point out that the murder might represent a settlement of accounts between rival factions of the Neo-Destourian Party, the ascendancy of Ferhad Hached in the party organisation in recent months being unlikely to meet with much favour from M. Bourguiba and his followers. This hypothesis seems to be supported by the publicity given to the murder. Another theory is that he may have been a victim of Tunisian Communists, either because they were anxious . . . to stir up confusion, or because they wished to retaliate against the U.G.T.T.'s move away from Communism. . . .

Neither these "French official circles" (nor the correspondent of *The Times* for that matter) has offered any explanation why the death of the leader of the Tunisian T.U.C. should be explained by these "theories" rather than Red Hand action. Yet, when I saw Ferhad Hached last summer in the creaking old wooden house in the Arab part of Tunis, which was the headquarters of the U.G.T.T., he talked to me for an hour, and then suddenly said, with a not very happy smile: "And now would you like to see my death warrant?" He took from his pocket-book a small folded sheet and let me read it. The first thing that caught my eye was the scarlet rubber stamp representing the rough silhouette of a hand. And the leaflet, which was a warning to all "Tunisian terrorists," explained that the Red Hand was "red with the blood of the enemies of France." Just as the Tunisian terrorists had thrown and laid bombs, mostly at houses inhabited by prominent Tunisian *beni-oui-ouis* (yes-men), so the Red Hand had, ever since last winter, thrown bombs into Arab shops and, in recent weeks, killed or wrecked the houses of more or less prominent Arab personalities.

Cui prodest? Ferhad Hached had been, ever since the arrest and deportation of Habib Bourguiba, the biggest thorn in the flesh of the French extremists in Tunisia. They did not dare arrest him, because he was the main organiser of the protest in the outside world against conditions in Tunisia, and he had numerous contacts in the U.S., notably with C.I.O. and A.F. of L. leaders. Ever since the "big trouble" started last winter, he had sent constant reports to the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions at Brussels, whose chairman, Mr. Oldenbroek, took a particular interest in the Tunisian T.U. Federation, the only one of its kind in the Arab world. But for Ferhad Hached's untiring efforts, the problem of Tunisia might never have received so much world publicity and might not have figured so prominently at the U.N. It was he also who was one of the most trusted advisers of the Bey, and one of the principal members of the Bey's unofficial "Crown Council" of 40, on whose advice the Bey had rejected the "concessions" offered Tunisia by the French Government—concessions which had little in common with even the minimum aims of the Tunisian nationalists.

Poor Ferhad Hached! He was not a fire-eater like Bourguiba. I remember him in that shabby little office of his in the Medina on a blazingly hot July morning. He was in his pale-blue shirt-sleeves, and, for an Arab, his eyes, too, were surprisingly blue; outwardly, he was like a slimmer, fairer and much younger Raimu—he was only 38

—and the "fisher-boy from Sfax" spoke perfect French with just a touch of a Midi accent. He was a likeable fellow; no one looked less bloodthirsty than he; he merely wanted the French to be "reasonable" and fulfil their long-standing and ever-broken promises of "internal autonomy," and he felt that the only way to force their hand was to mobilise foreign support, especially in the U.S. When I suggested that it might be a dangerous game to play, and might merely end with "American Imperialism" replacing "French Imperialism" in North Africa, his answer was that, unfortunately, that was the only way of effectively rattling the French and of forcing them to agree to major concessions. He dismissed "American Imperialism" as "not a very serious danger," adding as an afterthought: "It's a risk we have to take. For, though we are more used to the French, and would deal with them rather than with the Americans, things for the ordinary man in Tunisia couldn't be worse than they are at present."

The French authorities naturally hated him, and were unhappy when foreign correspondents went to see him and "got themselves filled up with his propaganda." The U.G.T.T. was also hated by the Tunisian Pashas. Admittedly its function was now chiefly political—it was, in fact, practically inseparable from the Neo-Destour Party—and, with its 400,000 members, paying a mere 50 or 100 francs a month, it was obviously not a trade union federation in the normal sense. Nevertheless, it set up from the Pashas' point of view a very dangerous precedent—a precedent which, in the face of ferocious French opposition, the Moroccan workers have never been allowed to follow. In short, though, during the present "struggle-for-national-independence" period, it was a nationalist rather than a strictly trade union organisation, the U.G.T.T. was, as Ferhad Hached often said, the one bright, truly democratic spot in the whole colonialist and feudal set-up of North Africa.

The Communists in Tunisia are very weak; but Ferhad Hached was, in any case, determined to have nothing to do with them: he showed me copies of extremely curt letters he had sent the Communists in reply to various offers of "joint action." Being determined to be on the best of terms with American Labour movement, he doubtless considered it good policy to be rude to the Communists, and perhaps he also quite genuinely disliked them, for he was very much a man of the nationalist Neo-Destour. But this, obviously, was not a reason for the Communists to murder him; for, *up to a point*, he was pursuing an anti-colonialist policy similar to their own, and doing it much more effectively. As for the "followers of Bourguiba" wanting to murder him, the theory is crazier still; in Ferhad Hached's office was a large portrait of Bourguiba and he was himself Bourguiba's man.

The murder has been followed by a wave of arrests—not, oddly enough among alleged members of the Red Hand and other French colonialist "self-protection" organisations, but among Ferhad Hached's immediate followers, including Messadi, his charming young assistant, with whom I had long talks in Tunis last summer. Everything, indeed, suggests that the death of Ferhad Hached will act as a signal for that mass-repression for which the French extremists in North Africa and their pressure groups in Paris have been thirsting for a long time, and from which they have been refraining almost entirely for external reasons. One of the questions widely asked in Paris is: Has there been a new deal with Washington? As distinct from the Truman Administration, is the Eisenhower Administrations going to turn a blind eye to North Africa—possibly in return for a more "reasonable" French attitude towards German rearmament?

Although French opinion generally dislikes American interference in North Africa, which it always suspects of ulterior motives, it remains itself, nevertheless, sharply divided between supporters of a liberal policy and a tough policy towards the Arabs. In the Government itself both currents are represented, M. Schuman still favouring "negotiations." But the tough, "Malan" policy is clearly gaining the upper hand—the policy of the "Now-or-Never" men, of the men who boast that "all is peaceful in Madagascar" now, and who look upon the 1947 massacres there in which scores of thousands of men, women and children were put to death as merely a surgical operation essential for the good health and longevity of the French Empire.

ALEXANDER WERTH

London Particular

You remember the opening of *Bleak House*?

> Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among the green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out in the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and little boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards. . . .

In short a "London particular," of which we have just had another sample. Even as "particulars" go, this recent one was particularly bad. For this was not just fog; it was "smog," that deadly combination of smoke and fog, which smothers industrial conurbations and London, in particular, because the prevailing winds tend to pile up smoke in the Thames valley. And there were those who maintained that this was "the worst ever" although case-history (ref. *Jarndyce and Jarndyce*) might question that. Ah! (said one friend) but there were no atomic bombs in Dickens' time, implying that the Monte Bello bomb was only now catching up with us. Nor (said another) were there those new-fangled fires which stay in all night and keep the air above cities warmer than the ground. Nor (claimed a third) was the *Bleak House* coal quite as dirty as the stuff we get nowadays. And anyway (in general chorus) why did not vaunted science prevent fogs?

What science can do to help, it did during the war with "Fido," which at fantastic expense burned holes in the blanket of fog to provide landing-lanes for the returning bombers. It was as crude as that—just burning a hole—by means of fierce jets of burning oil along the landing strip, creating a heat which locally adjusted the temperature between the cold ground and the warm layer above, which had kept the fog grounded. But the effect was limited to the strip, and consumed such great quantities of fuel—60,000 gallons an hour—as to discourage its use in peacetime. It certainly could never be used to keep Greater London clear of fog.

To understand the magnitude of the problem posed to the scientist, when he is asked for a practical answer, it is necessary to understand the nature of fog itself. Ordinary fogs are relatively shallow. On land they are usually less than a thousand feet deep and frequently less than 500 feet. (When Londoners were groping in fog last week-end, dwellers on the Surrey Hills, twelve miles away, were enjoying bright sunshine and wondering why the buses were not coming through.) Fogs on land occur chiefly in autumn and winter, and more often in the morning and evening than during the middle of the day. Fogs at sea are largely phenomena of the spring and early summer. This seasonal difference is due to the fact that while the sea-water is colder than the upper air in spring and early summer, the ground is colder in the autumn and winter. For water vapour in the air to condense and form droplets of mist, it has to drop below the dew-point. On still, frosty nights the ground cools off quickly. In other conditions, it is cooled off by cold-air currents which, incidentally, flow into valleys, like water down a mountainside. Another form of fog is due to an inflow of hot air over relatively cooler ground layers.

Fog, then, is not a cloud which has descended (like mists on a mountain top) but a cloud which has formed *in situ* because the vaporised moisture of warmer air condenses at ground level through an inversion of temperature—cold underfoot, warm overhead. Last week-end, the air a thousand feet above London was considerably warmer than the streets, so that it formed a lid which kept the fog and smoke down.

The smoke and grime of a city not only thicken fog to pea-soup consistency, but help to form it because vapour does not condense unless it has something to cling to. These "somethings" are called "hygroscopic nuclei," meaning particles attracting vapour. (Incidentally, artificial rainmaking employs carbon dioxide, dropped from aircraft, or silver iodide, released from the ground, as nuclei to induce a super-cloud to part with its vapour as raindrops. This might dissipate fog, but an experiment at London Airport last week-end failed: the fog-cloud was not cold enough.) Specks of salt and sulphur in the atmosphere form these nuclei for the mist, and the solids, the soots and grit, thicken up the "soup." On a clear day there are only about 300 solid particles to the cubic centimetre, but in a London fog the number increases to over 60,000 per c.c. No wonder we cough.

There is not much chance, therefore, of scientists discovering ways of abolishing fog—unless atomic energy gives us the (unlikely) means of heating the 2,000 square mile floor of Greater London to a temperature thermostatically adjusted to that of the air layers up above. And if we ask scientists about "smog," they will give us a rude answer, because they have long ago said: "Take the smoke out of the fog!" And we do not listen. A fog, or "smog" only reminds us of how much filth our chimneys expectorate into the air every day; when we grope through that "smog" we are wading through an atmospheric sewer. The soot which falls on London in a year would form a pyramid in Trafalgar Square, with its apex more than half-way up the Nelson Monument. That soot is profitable to the laundries, dry-cleaners and house-painters, but a heavy charge on the National Health Service in terms of bronchial and lung complaints. We have heard a lot about the responsibility of smoking for lung-cancers, but the exhausts of motor cars and the belchings of chimneys puts into our lungs soot and tar which are established causes of cancer.

Apart from soot, there is sulphur, which the chimneys breathe out and we breathe in, and which comes back from the air above us as dilute vitriol in the form of rain. The destruction which is wrought to buildings and structures by sulphuric chimney sewage costs tens of millions a year in this country. The sulphur attacks our buildings, rives and crumbles the masonry and produces the sort of havoc which we see being restored at enormous cost behind the scaffolds

of the Houses of Parliament. Yet that loss of tens of millions of pounds could be a gain of tens of millions because, out of that waste, rich products might be made—nylons, Perspex and other plastics, sulpha drugs, cures for leprosy, remedies for headaches and tuberculosis; dyes, scents, alcohol, motor spirit, etc. All those could be won if we did not burn that chemical store-house, coal as lumps or as "nutty slack." That means using our coal as gas or electricity or as low-temperature carbonised coke. In the case of electricity, it is not so much a case of recovering the treasure but of removing the mischief by methods used in modern power stations like Battersea for removing the sulphur and burning the smoke.

As to first-aid measures, like getting people to and from work, science is not very helpful either. Obviously the railways—particularly after the warning of the Harrow disaster—can improve their signalling methods by engine-cab warnings and controls, so that fog would not be an obstacle. There have been suggestions of using ultrasonic devices on road vehicles. These would consist of sending out signals ahead of the bus or the car, as a bat sends out its squeaks. The inaudible sounds would be reflected back from any obstacle ahead in the fog and give visible warning on a sort of television screen on the dashboard. But it would be an expensive fitting, and fogs are not all that frequent. There might be a good case, however, for fitting them on ambulances, many of which got held up or lost in the London fog, on their way to emergencies.

There is only one consolation: accidents to life and limb on the roads are reduced to a minimum in a fog. Which is not so strange when you think of it, since there is less traffic and drivers and pedestrians are so much more aware of the risks.

RITCHIE CALDER

Italian Period

I RAN out of the heavy rain into the café, bought a coffee and took the only vacant chair. Steam rose from the coats of the three men at my table. They were speaking Italian and making a lot of noise about it. The man who talked the loudest was dark and handsome, with black side-boards and thick, waved hair. The other two were less dramatic, the one blond with splendid teeth, the other sallow with sparse, brown hair. They were shouting against him. The handsome man was dressed in a brown, corduroy jacket, a bottle-green shirt, a knitted brown tie, pale green trousers—I dropped my matches—white socks and brown brogues. On the table in front of him, alongside the coffee he had finished a long time ago, was a yellow scarf. At the table behind me four wide-faced men muttered to each other in Polish or Ukranian. They must have felt out of things because everyone else in the café, except myself, was Italian. Rain was trickling down my face from my hair, and when I took out my wet handkerchief to wipe the rain away, the handsome Italian at my side reached down and raised a large blue sombrero from the floor. "Wear a hat," he shouted. His friends stopped talking a moment to smile. I tried to explain that I did not have a hat but they seemed to think that I did not believe in wearing hats. As I was leaving the café I looked back. There was now a fourth Italian where I had sat and he was shouting against the handsome man. The noise was accented by the steaming damp and the misted window. I couldn't hear one word of English or Welsh spoken.

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All Morriston was not as obviously invaded as this café. There were groups of foreigners at the Cross but they were waiting for buses to take them back to the Hostel. The Hostel lies halfway between the Cross and Llangyfelach and was built for American troops during the war. It is in a quiet part of the world among modern semi-detached houses and, since the Americans went home, has accommodated Russians, Yugoslavs, Lithuanians, Ukranians and Poles. Nowadays most of the five hundred and fifty inhabitants are Italians who work in the steel and tinplate mills, the brickworks and the quarries of the district. Morriston itself is, technically, a suburb of Swansea, has a population of ten thousand and, rather touchingly, likes to consider itself homogeneous. Slate-roofed houses straggle down the side of a hill to a concentration of streets in the shallow valley. There are many large chapels, two small cinemas, a disproportionately large number of public houses and a Welsh Church in the middle of the main street. The antiquated steel and tinplate factories lie alongside the ochreous Tawe. The town avoids, at Llansamlet's expense, the smoke and fumes its industry produces because the prevailing wind blows to the North-East. The principal excuse for the affectation of homogeneity is the Orpheus male voice choir, which is the best in Wales.

Two Italians tried to join the choir—it is the one cultural organisation in which language difficulties need not have been prohibitive—but, although they had pleasant voices and a little experience, they were rejected. The decision was made on musical grounds only. Language difficulties naturally enough prevent close relationship between native and foreigner even if all other objections are discounted. Business is done. At the ironmonger's the Italians buy suitcases and some large saucepans for spaghetti. Bakeries do a brisk trade in Viennese rolls. On clothes and shoes, particularly those in the American style, they spend a lot of money. ("The best-dressed men in Swansea.") Some are rude, the ironmonger told me, and some are polite, some shave and some do not, some are good, some are bad.

Inevitably the puritanical Welsh conception of Continental habits attributes to the Italians a sybaritic private life. A recent instance of two young girls having spent two nights at the Hostel has been used by gossips as justification for all small-talk. The Hostel, however, has had a reputation for "goings-on" ever since it was "the Camp," and the Americans held court. It would have to be inhabited by Welsh-speaking angels to lose that reputation. The Hostel's Sunday-night dances, which attract a procession of strange women who do not wear a Sunday-best costume, and are without hats, distress the neighbourhood and put the native tongues to work. But in spite of the dance, the local Monkey Parade, with its boys in navy-blue suits and its costumed girls with hats, continues as innocently as ever, although here and there, as the culture collapses, one sees a hand-painted tie and a purple jacket. The fact of the gossip doesn't mean that the people of Morriston have gone indoors and put up the shutters to devote themselves to peering through at the antics of the invaders.

Prejudice against the Italians working in the mills is nowhere coherently expressed. Labour has, at the moment, a seller's market. Attitudes may change when the handmills are no longer wanted—although there are no Italians at Margam or Trostre—and thousands of Welshmen are released. They may then harden into the caption of Candido's cartoon on the rejection of the Italian miners: "There are three things wrong with those miners—they're not English; they're Continentals; they're Italians." A tinman told me that since he had had Italians working with him he was doing the work of three men. Another said that some working with him were as conscientious as the best Welshman. Some ex-Servicemen have been bitter that people they fought against should now rub their shoulders on a bus. There are other expressions of prejudice. One evening I was with some friends in a beer-house when an Italian came into the Saloon. He was unshaven, wore his coat over his shoulders and was either very drunk or very ill because his hands shook and he was as white as chalk. The publican came swiftly from behind the bar, caught the Italian by the arms and hurled him into the street. An old man in the Saloon with us said "Hear, hear." The publican came from the door brushing his hands together and said: "I don't want any of them in here." I asked the old man why he had applauded. He replied that it was the only way to treat these bloody foreigners. I asked the publican why he had thrown the man out and was told that that particular Italian had caused trouble in the house before, and that he didn't want Italians in anyway. We talked about it for a while, but unproductively. Foreigners were dirty, were dangerous and, more than this, were foreigners.

This prejudice was not generally expressed. There were many people who realised that the Italians did not particularly like being in Morriston—enough, in fact, to sustain the sentimental notion that the people of South Wales have an acute enough knowledge of forcible separation and harsh economic circumstance to have some compassion for people who were suffering from precisely those impositions. The enthusiastic cries of "Bravo" from Italians at local concerts, their naive delight in the cinema when they recognise a word, their generosity and high-spirits expressed in private houses stimulate affection towards them. A number of them live in lodgings in the town and some, like their predecessors, Polish, Yugoslav and Ukranian, have married Welsh girls and intend to stay in the country. They will soon scarcely be foreigners. There have been foreigners in Morriston before ("the English," I was told). Early in the nineteenth century Belgian workmen lived in a lodging-house high on a hill above the town. Substantial ruins survive (known romantically as Castle Graig) and look down on the smoky, ugly Swansea Valley. Many of the Belgians have left descendants as Welsh as Twm Shon Cati.

W. JOHN MORGAN

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Incognita

At that moment, I knew how it must have felt to have been alive and kicking in Troy, in the days when Helen could occasionally be seen strolling down the sidewalk. The moment was 12.26 on the morning of Monday, December the 3rd, 1951. After she'd gone, after she'd disappeared among the eyeless crowds in the Place de la Concorde, I looked at my watch, and it was 12.26. By 12.27, the little groups of men who had turned, as she passed them, to stare and doubt their own eyes, were still halted in the backwash of her cruise down the Rue de Rivoli.

The crossing-sweeper, who had been paddling his broom in the rivulet that runs down the edge of every Paris street; the miniature French army officer, who looked too elegant to be combatant; the pale, tall American with the anxious E.C.A. frown—each of these had seen a dream walking. For, to every one of these men, the woman who had just passed them with her back three-quarters to the wall had once been the girl in the corner of all their dreams. She had been the bright particular star of each man's private heaven. And now the star had come down to earth, and gone bowling along the pavements of Paris. If, indeed, it was she; and she was, after all, believed still to be in Paris. So, it could be.

When it came to my turn to be passed by her, I knew, beyond any question. I also knew, in those five paces, what would have happened to the legend, if a Trojan cameraman had contrived to take a snapshot of Helen in the streets of Troy, ten years or so after she had voluntarily withdrawn herself from circulation. What I did not know was how to get past this twentieth-century face, without offence. To show recognition or not to show recognition? That was the question. When she was still ten paces away, I imagined that there would be no problem. I assumed that she would simply lower her head and eyes, and go rushing by, in the pre-occupied manner of a thrifty man trying to get past a barrel-organ. But she did nothing of the kind. Instead, as she passed, she looked directly at me, just as she had doubtless looked directly at the crossing-sweeper, and the French army officer, and the pale American, farther down the street.

To be polite by showing recognition or to be polite by not showing recognition? Here, after all, was someone who had spent the best years of her life in seeking to avoid being recognised by strangers in the street. Yet, today, in the Rue de Rivoli, she seemed to be engaged in operating some private recognition-test of her own: some personal Gallup Poll of the memory of strangers, and of the fidelity of the screen-struck public. For me, it was not really difficult to recognise in her face the faces of Queen Christina, and Maria Walewska and Anna Karenina and Ninotschka, and the rest. But the frightening thing was that it was not really easy, either.

So, as she walked, rather awkwardly, and singularly close to the wall, down the Rue de Rivoli, with a queer defensive tilt to her head, and a queer defensive blink in those eyes that were so unaccustomed to public sunning, it seemed only a matter of common courtesy *not* to recognise her. Just as, weeks and months afterwards, it seems only a matter of common courtesy *not* to mention her name.

LIONEL BIRCH

The Cow

When we were children in Assam, the servants in our little domestic colony were completely dominated by the washerman, who was universally known as "Hathi Dhobi", which means the elephant washerman. It was a most appropriate name, because Hathi Dhobi had all the characteristics of that amiable animal. He was huge, he was strong, and his nature was mild and kind. But he was subject, alas, to Demon Drink.

When Hathi Dhobi got drunk, which he did, gloriously, about twice a week, no work was done by any of the other servants. For he would collect on the huge lawn, by loud announcements, the entire colony, including us delighted children, and perform the most wonderful physical feats. "Look at my muscles," he would say, displaying his marvellous arm muscles. "They call me Hathi. Aren't I as strong as an elephant? Would anyone like me to bend a bar?." And, of course, an iron bar would immediately be removed from the kitchen windows and handed over to Hathi Dhobi, who would bend it into a horse-shoe with the greatest of ease.

No one minded these moods of Hathi Dhobi's, except my mother, who found the other servants neglecting their work to watch the *tamasha*; the owner of the toddy-shop, to whom Hathi was perpetually in debt; and the gardener. The gardener really hated him. He was a religious-minded man, and liked to say his prayers in the quiet of the evening, after he had put our three cows in their shed for the night. He thought it positively indecent that Hathi Dhobi should collect all the servants round him on a warm, moonlit summer's night, and tell them boisterous stories about his childhood in Bihar. It disturbed his meditation; and when the other servants said, "Why don't you go to the forest to meditate, like the Lord Buddha, or are you afraid of the elephants there?" he thought the joke in the worst of possible taste. "I am not afraid of anyone," he would say, "let alone drunken sinners. And I can think of Higher Things even when you tempt me away from my prayers. It is only my cows I am worried about. Moongli, the red one, is very sensitive. She cannot abide noise, and she gave two quarts less milk yesterday, because you sinners kept her awake the whole night. One of these days, Sahib will find out about your drunken orgies." With that warning he returned to his prayers.

He felt very triumphant, even though he said he was prepared to forgive his enemies, when father came to the servants' quarters the next day with a very angry looking individual—the owner of the toddy-shop. Hathi Dhobi was summoned from his quarters. "Yes, huzoor, that's him," moaned the toddy-man. "He hasn't yet paid me for two maunds of toddy."

"Two maunds?" Even my father, who took most things in his stride, was surprised. For two maunds meant about 40 gallons of toddy. "Don't you measure toddy in pints?" he asked, for like everyone else, he also had a soft corner in his heart for Hathi Dhobi and thought the toddy man was exaggerating. "Yes sir, it is measured in pints for other customers, but Hathi Dhobi drinks like an elephant, and we measure in gallons for him."

"Look, Hathi," said my father, "I know you have to stand in the river washing clothes all day, and all washermen have to drink a certain amount of toddy to keep off colds. But you have been drinking too much lately, and it is not proper that you should not pay for what you drink. I am giving the toddy man the price of two maunds of toddy immediately, and I shall deduct it in small amounts from your salary. In future, you are not to drink more than one maund a month. The vat

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of liquor will be delivered on the first of every month, and I shall pay the toddy-wallah direct before I give you your salary. I shall leave it to your honour not to let me down."

Everyone agreed that it was indeed a just decision, and since it was the first of the month the next day, anyway, Hathi Dhobi finished the remainder of the two maunds of toddy in one huge gulp, and sat up till dawn with the other servants, telling tales. "Have I ever told you how a shaitan nearly caught me in the tiger grass?" he started. The gardener came out, a pained look on his face. "So a shaitan, nearly caught you, you say? Well, you might have escaped him in childhood, but he has caught you now that you are grown up. It is the Ogre Drink which now has you in its clutches. I shall pray for you tonight. I shall ask the gods to rid you of the shaitan and fill your soul with Goodness and Sobriety."

The other servants laughed as usual. "Ask the gods to rid you of the Demon Hypocrisy," they shouted; "pray hard." "My friends, it is not for myself I speak," replied the gardener with dignity, "Have I not told you the cows have stopped giving their normal milk since you upset their moods by your drunken orgies? My red Moongli is particularly sensitive, and I beg you not to disturb her." He returned to prayer.

Next morning, Hathi Dhobi's monthly quota of toddy arrived; and how important he felt as the bullock cart drove up with it. Even the toddy-wallah, now that he had been paid in advance, was all smiles, and allowed all the servants a sip from his second vat, as a sign of goodwill. "You are not such a bad fellar, Hathi," he said loudly, "my wife says you brought her some prawns from the river-bank last week, and she made a wonderful curry for me. Let us all have a sip now to show we are all friends." After the little toast, the cart was driven up to the Dhobi's door. There were many willing hands to lift the liquor down from the cart—carefully for toddy is stored in topless vats in India and the temporary cover which the toddy-wallah had put on it was already showing signs of slipping off. But Hathi Dhobi waved them all away with a flourish. "The Elephant will lift the load," he announced, "and afterwards, I shall lift a rock on my shoulders. I am the Elephant, and the strongest of you all."

Curiously enough, Hathi kept his promise to father: "I am on trust," he announced to the admiring servants, "I shall drink only one bottle a day, when I am feeling cold in the evening. And now, I shall go to the river and wash some clothes. Ohé Lalu," he called out to the gardener, who was peeping between his fingers while pretending to be deep in meditation, "see, I have more strength of mind than you. I am a sinner, maybe, but I can resist temptation when I want to. Meanwhile, don't you help yourself to my liquor while I am away." "May the Gods forgive him," muttered the gardener, as he returned to his prayers.

The same evening, Hathi returned jubilant from the river. He had done a good day's washing, torn at least three new shirts by banging them on the rocks, and he was just nicely cold enough to want to warm himself up with a glass of toddy. "Arré Sukdev's mother," he called out to his wife, "bake some hot wheat-cakes for dinner while I take some medicine to fight the cold in my bones." The roar that followed next moment could be heard for miles around: "Who has taken my liquor? My toddy is finished. Oh you ill-begotten one. Come out, you husband of your sister, and let me break all your bones. Is this what your gods teach you, to rob a poor shivering washerman of his medicine?" A crowd rapidly gathered. Somehow, no one quite believed that the gardener, hypocrite as he was, would so forget his gods as to drink a vatful of toddy all in one day. But the evidence was indeed overwhelming, as everyone else had been out at work and could prove it.

Father soon appeared to take charge. "Hathi, you must not condemn the gardener until his guilt has been proved. Cook, open his mouth and see if it smells of toddy." A ring formed round the shivering gardener, and Hathi tensed his muscles, ready to break the *mali's* bones if he should be found guilty. For the first time in his life, the gardener prayed with real conviction for the gods to come to his aid. "No sir, his mouth only smells of garlic," announced the cook, rather regretfully. It would have been *such* fun if the unpopular gardener had been guilty. Excited murmurs of "Police" followed this. Everyone looked to father for a lead.

And then, into this puzzled gathering bounced Moongli, the sensitive cow, drunk as a lord. Lurching past the amazed crowd, she went straight up to the gardener and tried to clutch him in a cowish embrace. "Sir," confirmed the cook, "her mouth definitely smells of toddy." "Oh, my poor Moongli," groaned the gardener. "So that is where you were, when I tried to find you for milking this afternoon." After father had made as dignified an exit as he could, "See gardener," boomed Hathi, "even the cow has deserted you and joined us sinners. Have some toddy yourself, you poor unfortunate weakling." For the gardener's complacency had indeed broken down, and he had fainted. "And now," announced Hathi, "I shall milk Moongli."

AMITA MALIK

The Arts and Entertainment

MODERN LOVE

THE new play at the St. James's, *Sweet Peril*, with Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison, hovers all the time around the edge of exploring its interesting subject without ever quite daring to plunge in. Still, it keeps a consistency of its own and makes a very enjoyable and entertaining evening. If, as I suspect, it is a first play, then we may have considerable hope of good things to come from the joint authors, Mary Orr and Reginald Denham. They know already a great deal about the art of preparation—the casting of the long shadows which hint, if we are quick enough to respond to them, at the shape of what is coming; and they work up to tense and interesting scenes. They have not yet quite mastered how to prune their dialogue; they are a little too long-winded for their kind of naturalism (especially noticeable in the first act), and they make more good jokes than actually come across owing to faulty timing. But they will have learnt much from this experience.

Their play is the study of a turning-point in a modern marriage. And the first thing that strikes us favourably about it is that contrary to the usual practice in the theatre, when the programme announces "Time—The Present," it seems for once to be true. These people are recognisably contemporary and their marriage is recognisably modern. It is a marriage without any roots or external ties whatsoever. It cannot rely on any sanctions, religious or social. There is nothing—not even children—to keep it going, only desire and mutual need. When the play opens, the marriage is on the rocks, literally as well as metaphorically—having been removed from London, where too much threatened it, to Cornwall, where it is precariously perched on a cliff's edge in a draughty farmhouse, with an unsuccessful market garden attached. The arrival from America of an old flame of the young man's with her new husband precipitates the crisis of this marriage; and precipitates it in three directions at once. *His* sentimental clinging to the idea of his first girl is only the most obvious of these. No less catalytic is the fact that the American husband is a publisher and is prepared to buy *her* middle-brow autobiography, which means that more than ever will he—an unsuccessful highbrow writer—be dependent on her. Then, to make it worse, these Americans, in the freedom of their plentiful dollars, revive acutely in him the memory of his own careless years before the war, when his circumstances allowed him to indulge the same freedom in New York, Paris and on the sunny beaches. The crisis takes the form of a return to the alcoholism, which is his special danger, and of her deciding, with the American example abetting her, that she has been carrying altogether too much of their joint burden.

The crisis is very ingeniously and neatly resolved, but that does not make it really convincing. Messes like theirs can't be cleared up by a trick; and it has been the special merit of these authors to persuade us to believe in the people they have created and so to require a satisfying solution. But we are all the time conscious of a flaw even while recognising that on a lighter level the play manages to come off and hold the attention with even a gathering momentum. The flaw, I suggest, is in the character of the young man. First they make him a highbrow writer who doesn't write and turns to drink instead. Well enough, but the authors add other facts which complicate his character and cry out for some deeper treatment. They make him, also, a well-off playboy before the war and a well-decorated pilot in it. This would make for something much more subtle than they actually show us, so that we have the feeling that the different attributes have been added rather haphazard to suit *ad hoc* requirements. Not unnaturally, Mr. Michael Denison is a little unhappy in a part which, if you look closely at it, bristles with contradictions. About half-way through he settles for a merely weak but pleasant, spoiled young man and carries it off with his usual ease. Miss Dulcie Gray has a more consistent part and plays it with consistency, finesse and a sensitive feeling for the shades and nuances and a real power of touching us in her emotional scenes. Miss Margot Stevenson and Mr. Ron Randell present the simple uncomplicated Americans with great charm, and Mr. George Woodbridge and Miss Marie Lohr very satisfactorily complete the cast. I have only one quarrel with Mr. Norman Marshall's admirable production. Not for the first time it introduces a few touches of real life more realistic than the realistic convention commonly allows—in this case the emptying of buckets and basins over the garden wall. These do not make for greater verisimilitude, they merely distract, for puzzled stallholders are heard asking their companions how it is done.

At the little Irving Theatre a group of adolescents are presenting an adaptation of Guiseppe Berto's *The Sky is Red*. This novel, about a group of Italian orphans living the gang life of the cellars after the war, does not lend itself well to the stage, least of all to so tiny a stage as this one. But the sensitive skill of the producer, Mr. Peter Zadek, and the compelling sincerity of the young actors, persuades us for much of the time that the impossible is possible. Miss Ida Whitaker is especially convincing and David Spenser, Annie Swift and Roland Curran are good.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

THE Mediterranean inspiration of so much of *New Soundings* (reflecting as it usually does the mind of the visitor or the exile) grows to tire the listener with its bright, thin, dazzling empty sadness. All the same, in the latest number this inspiration was the source of two outstanding contributions, one in prose, one in verse. The first, *Two Birds from a Spanish Cage*, was an account by Laurie Lee of a waiter and a fisherman in Algeciras; the one a poet, the other looking "as though he had landed that day from a voyage that began five thousand years before." A listener, deceived by the easy clarity

of the narrative, may well have wondered how its ordered language and unextravagant imagery could have produced an effect so brilliant, moving and delightful. The other, *The Death of Digenes Akritas* by John Heath-Stubbs, was a Greek folk-ballad in modern terms about a legendary medieval rebel, reminiscent of *Loving Mad Tom* and affecting the imagination in much the same way. In spite of its obscure references with their profound implications, this bold and magical poem (admirably read by John Glen) would have made its impact even without Mr. Lehmann's experiment of following the reading with an interpretation and then by a second reading. But this idea of giving a commentary was sound, and in the case of a less immediately interesting poem is often really desirable.

John Heath-Stubbs, then, was an apt choice for translating de Vigny's romantic ballad *Le Cor*, when this, and *La Mort du Loup* (translated by Richard Church) were recently broadcast: the English readings by Bernard Miles, the French by Marcel Herrand. These beautiful programmes also illustrated several points of interest. The most apparent was the difference between the French and English manner of speaking poetry: the English reserved, unemphatic, desiring not to impose itself between the verse and the listener; the French splendidly, dramatically uncompromising in driving home its message. They also illustrated the difficulty of bringing the flavour of the original language into a verse translation. Is there any good metrical equivalent for *triste, morne*, even *sans*? or of a phrase like *la belle et sombre veuve* (which Mr. Church wisely passed over)? But it was in the key sentiments rather than in the imagery or the descriptive passages that the problem was chiefly felt. The haunting conclusion:

Dieu! que le son du cor est triste au fond des bois!

was hardly met by Mr. Heath-Stubbs's "Ah God! but the horn sounds sadly the depths of the wood among!" Nor, in the other poem was Mr. Church any happier with *Seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse* ("Best be silent on what we achieve") or with his other lines of de Vigny's stern and sorrowful philosophy. What the English poets did produce, in fact (I have quoted only their points of failure) were two English poems of their own sort. I would like to hear a similar programme in which familiar works by poets of the same half-century—Keats, say, Matthew Arnold, or Browning—were given with parallel French version. No translator should miss such a broadcast.

I spoke last week of the variety and interest that are possible in the field of talks. To show this in three instances only, among those which have held my attention during the past week were Hallam Tennyson's absorbing account of a two-year sojourn in Bengal; then a Wellsian talk with grim sociological analogies by an entomologist (Dr. S. H. Scaife) on *The Caste System Among White Ants*; and finally, *The Brontës in Ulster*, in which Jack Loudan, a Northern Irish speaker, had some remarkable contributions to make to the Brontë story. One was nothing less than the original of Heathcliff—a strange child "very young, very dark, very dirty", who was found in the hold of a ship, adopted by the novelists' great-grandparents, and on their death grew to dominate the family. There was also a picture of an Irish uncle of the Brontë girls boarding a ship called the *Sea Nymph* and travelling to London with a stout ash plant in his hand to use on the author of the *Quarterly Review* attack. "He was treated (at the office) with the utmost politeness, but was told that under no circumstances could the name of the reviewer be disclosed." A good story, somehow, whatever the origin.

"God, how I hate the family," observes Aunt Marcia. "The boredom of these squalid scenes!" "Nonsense, Marcia, you love every filthy minute of it," observes her undergraduate admirer. Listening to this pertinent fragment of *Skeletons and Assegais*, Angus Wilson's witty and horrid piece of autobiography—so cleverly de-

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vised, so skilfully acted and presented—I fell to wondering where exactly lay the difference between the Angus Wilson family and that of Miss Compton-Burnett? Why did Mr. Wilson's comic crowd leave us in an arid gloom while Miss Compton-Burnett's gloomy relatives left us, by comparison, full of wise, calm, productive thoughts? Is it a matter of innocence? sadness? detachment? love? or the lack of any of these? But space prevents the inquiry. Another time, perhaps.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Gala Festival," at the Berkeley
"The Narrow Margin," at the London Pavilion
"The Steel Trap," at the Gaumont

The curtain, the Iron Curtain, rises at the Berkeley on a performance of *Prince Igor*, given last year at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. Mark Reisen—he whose absence from the Festival Hall was lamented last week by my colleague, Mr. Shawe-Taylor—sang the title role. Magnificently, there could be no doubt; though the record, for ear and eye, was not a very good one. The reeds were reedier than need be, the strings screechier, bells introducing a procession might have been mistaken for a Constellation landing. This, of course, or something far worse, happens in every film, though we who spend much of our time watching, develope (if musically alert) a lenient ear. But opera on the screen will make even the deaf listen. The sound is *fortissimo*: Mr. Shawe-Taylor, had he been with me, would have fled to some vantage point far along the corridors of that Gaumont-British house where the press gathered. It isn't exactly a musical treat to hear a great bass in the circumstances; but it has æsthetic news value. So this is Reisen! Apart from the voice, he seems to have little more than presence: he affronted well enough an eclipse of the sun, but the same heroism had to meet, with less effect, the temptation of Polovtsian dancers. Those dancers, by the way, brought the screen to life for the first time. What has it to do with opera? Its means to intimacy—the close-up—here proves ruinous; immobility must fall back on an imperfect sound-track; the extreme artifice of miming must face a relentless eye. Our interest in *Prince Igor*, while we cowered under its assault, was that exploration of stage and auditorium, of intent mouthing visages, of a scenery which (unless the camera can lie) manages not only theatrical eclipses but the depths of a sunset with birds flying visibly above. We gathered that a successful spectacularity was here half the opera, real horses being a mere item.

Swan Lake succeeded in this opera-and-ballet film to *Prince Igor*, and now the eye was indeed taken. The great overarching of trees framed a landscape with water in the distance and hills beyond, such as only this depth of stage could encompass. The dancers had room, the cameras could footlight the principals or bird's-eye the lot; and Ulanova was dancing. Then, with some discontinuity, came a flash of Glinka's *Ivan Susanin;* then, the chief novelty, Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, sumptuously staged, beautifully populated, with duellings that should start a new excitement among ballet-fans. *Gala Festival* has given us some genuine glimpses behind the curtain, and never less so than when the camera strays to a view of onion domes or the frozen Moskva. One only wishes that less admiration and more skill had gone to its making.

Two good American thrillers are to be found at the London Pavilion and the Gaumont. *The Narrow Margin*, the better of the two, pursues a taut adventure on a train journey, in which a detective has to hold tight to a Crown witness and protect her against gangster attack. The plot won't quite bear examination once everything's over, but it holds, and the film is full of visual ingenuities and suspense. Its director is Richard Fleischer. *The Steel Trap* shows us how easy it may be, comparatively speaking, to rob a bank of a million dollars from the inside. Mr. Joseph Cotten knows the combination, locks up the safe room as usual, returns, robs, and makes his way by plane to Brazil, which (he discovers) has no extradition laws. All this he accomplishes one Friday evening. We are kept, rather mechanically, on tenterhooks on the way out, while everything is easy as winking when he decides to put the million back—first thing Monday. And why in the end he did it we don't know, or why, if he could do it, a thousand more haven't. Still, there may be worse ways of spending the week-end.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Contemporary Ceylonese Paintings, at the Imperial Institute

The thirteen painters included in this show are all members of the '43 group, formed in Colombo in 1943. The aim of this group, in direct opposition to the academic, Europeanized Ceylon Society of Arts, was to lay the foundations of a new, popular, indigenous tradition. While allowing for differences of intention, its members saw certain similarities between what had been done in Paris by Matisse, Léger, Picasso, and their own ancient Buddhist works. Their hope was to make a synthesis of the two arts which could express the emerging power and equality of Asia in the contemporary world. Their difficulties were, and still are, immense: technical difficulties because of the lack of any relevant tradition of teaching-discipline in drawing: ideological difficulties, because, in terms of their art, they are trying to do nothing less than solve the cultural problems of a continent. Superficially, the exhibition is uninspiring. The method of hanging makes the whole gallery seem somewhat bleak. In addition George Keyt, who is one of the most important painters of Ceylon and the only one well known in Europe, is poorly represented. It is nevertheless well worth a visit for the sake of the remarkable talent of Justin Deraniyagala—an Expressionist as powerful as any now alive, the force of Ivan Pieris's large, brooding yet sensuous painting of figures bathing, the nervous good drawing of George Claessen, the serious imagination of Richard Gabriel. As for their difficulties evident in a good deal of uncertainty and clumsiness, I am convinced that these will be solved and a new, truly democratic tradition established in Asia long before anything similar is achieved in Europe. The reason for this is that Asia has largely escaped the cultural corrosion of urban capitalism and has retained an immediacy between art and life, expression and feeling which we have lost for two centuries and which is implied even by the tentative works now at South Kensington.

J. B.

"The Mousetrap," at the Ambassadors

Agatha Christie has won her high reputation by playing fair with us. If she draws our attention to a conversation or a clue, we trust her that they are either directly relevant or explicably irrelevant. So we spend the interval which divides her play in two mulling over the possibilities, reminding ourselves of this or that significant gesture or emphasised characteristic, confident that sooner or later it will all become clear. In any case, we decide, *The Mousetrap* is puzzling but very promising. Mrs. Christie has assembled a diverse and sufficiently diverting collection of oddities; and we have discerned the complex which seems to unite them all though we are still guessing at how each of them fits in when the act ends in the victim's screams. When we troop back in again the development goes logically on. The murderer has been well hidden and when the climax comes the discovery is plausible. And yet and yet and yet. It won't do. We are thoroughly dissatisfied, for the clearing up has been most perfunctorily done. The stage is left strewn with uneaten red herrings, unexplained presences, unanswered questions. We find that for once Mrs. Christie has been swindling and on a very large scale too. This is unforgivable in detective fiction. For beginners only, then, must be the final judgment, though very good for them. The play is produced for every ounce of its tension by Mr. Peter Cotes and there are spirited type impersonations from all the cast, though Mr. Martin Miller would fit in better if he moderated his voice.

T. C. W.

"La Clemenza di Tito," at Oxford

The brave production of Mozart's last opera by the Oxford University Opera Club has had, it must be owned, a mainly negative result: it has proved, beyond reasonable doubt, that there is no object in pressing for a professional revival. There is certainly some fine music in *Titus*, but it gains nothing from a stage performance, and can be better enjoyed in the concert hall or through a loudspeaker. The action devised by Metastasio to illustrate the non-stop clemency of Titus could hardly be more insipid or more stilted. Noble renunciations and universal pardons are not enough: the Emperor must also be shown as a generous contributor to the Mount Vesuvius Eruption Relief Fund. Edward Manning managed the role with such dignity as to circumvent incipient mirth. The best singing came from Doreen Murray, a past President of the Club, who was obliged to range over 2½ octaves as the vindictive Vitellia. Of the undergraduates who tackled with varying degrees of success the rigours of *opera seria* vocalism, Benedikt Benedikz, the Sextus, had the most difficult task: his occasional uncertainties, doubtless attributable to first-night nerves, were redeemed by an unusually clear and solid tone. The bulk of the evening's musical pleasure was provided by Professor Westrup's well-drilled orchestra, especially by Gavin Park's accomplished clarinet and basset horn obbligatos. The single set was dignified, and Anthony Besch, the producer, wisely made no effort to disguise the opera's inherent immobility.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

REACTIONS TO PRAGUE

SIR,—Many of us have had a revulsion of political feeling as a result of the recent judicial proceedings in Prague, and this has been brought to a climax by the indecent haste with which the ultimate penalty has been applied.

The possibility of political divisions in such circumstances as those of the new People's Democracies is of course always great, and has found us inclined to be indulgent in the past. The new feature, however, of these trials is the description of political policies, which only yesterday were national policies, as "treason", and this leads directly to the *Gleichschaltung* of the police State, the penalty here being not detention but death.

While it is difficult to believe in anti-Semitism as a motive in the prosecutions, the clumsy use of terms such as "Jewish bourgeois nationalist" brings its just reward in world-wide misrepresentation. The *Daily Worker*, while deriding world reportage, has not added a single new fact on the trials themselves—from which, for all we know, they may also have been excluded.

The question that now faces Communists of twelve years' standing, such as myself, is whether we are to be allowed to doubt the veracity and the fundamental social justice of the Prague trials and to protest against the shocking and summary punishment so hastily applied. The *Daily Worker*'s treatment of the trials makes it clear that neither the procedures *nor* the penalty are to be open to question, and this is borne out by their refusal to print a letter from me on this subject.

I can no longer remain a member of a Party which unquestioningly accepts such standards of civil liberty, and for whom the application of the death penalty for "political deviations" represents a triumph.

BENJAMIN FRANKEL

17 Soho Square,
London, W.1.

SIR,—When one reads the full text of the broadcast version of the recent trial in Prague of 14 leading members of the Communist Party, one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that what took place within the Czechoslovak Communist Party just before and just after the end of the last war is, *mutatis mutandis*, remarkably like what has taken place within the

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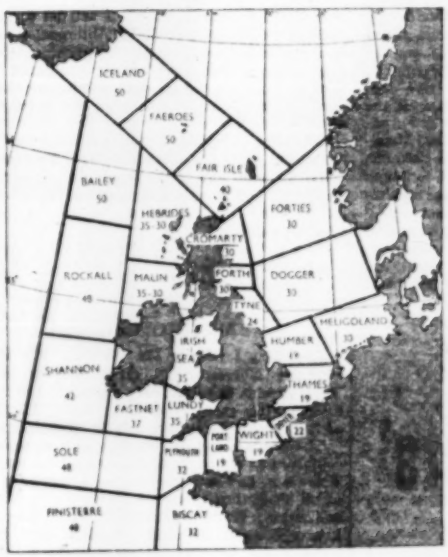

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British Labour Party during the same period, with results most unfortunate for Britain, and especially for the British workers. In cases of such a character, it is sometimes difficult to determine where an error of judgment becomes negligence—criminal negligence—treason, such determination being inevitably somewhat dependent on the accompanying international situation and its effect on the internal situation. I suggest, therefore, that there are more useful lines of approach to the subject of this trial than those adopted by the correspondent responsible for the article headed "Prague Purge" and by Critic in his "London Diary" in your current issue.

EDGAR P. YOUNG

75 Upper Berkeley Street,
London, W.1.

AFTER THE SHOUTING

SIR,—Professor G. D. H. Cole's article on Labour policy is regrettably confused. It contains much that is excellent but also some nonsense, based on misconceptions of what has been happening. He says of Mr. Bevan that he "would have by far the best of the argument if, instead of minimising the difficulties, he would face them frankly . . ." Mr. Bevan is capable of looking after himself; but as Professor Cole includes in his strictures all but one of the "Bevanites"—a term which gives a wrongly personalized impression of a serious group of people of whom Mr. Bevan is one—may I be permitted to ask him where he gets such strange ideas?

Did he ever read *One Way Only*, which was based on the whole difficulty of getting a quart of rearmament out of an engineering pint pot? Where has he been ever since, when warning after warning has come from the Left Wing of the Labour Party that Britain is only at the very beginning of her economic difficulties? When the need for more economic power in the hands of the community has been continually related to this fact, and the need for increasing production in specific ways if we are to survive. When the emphasis has almost always been on the long-term crisis—the difficulties—the rejection of fiscal fiddling as an answer—and the insistence on positive physical action. An instance of this is the conclusion that the 1947 Agriculture Act policies are not enough to produce the food we need to achieve economic independence. Therefore radical steps to secure more powerful levers of agricultural administration are being proposed, of which one is the suggestion that the ownership of all tenant farms should be vested in the State. If this is not facing the difficulties, I do not know what is, because for example, how can I justify such a measure to my own constituency unless I explain it in the context of the enormous difficulties facing us?

Professor Cole also saddles Messrs. Attlee and Morrison with being "very doubtful whether the electorate will vote for a tough policy, which would be bound to hit a good many marginal electors." After expanding this, he goes on to say he has "little doubt that" Messrs. Attlee and Morrison "are correct" in their reading of the political barometer. I am even more ready to leave these two gentlemen to answer for themselves than I am to defend Mr. Bevan, but I question whether Professor Cole is a good judge of marginal electors. I submit he is quite wrong, and that the Labour Party's real danger is that it will lose its marginal voters because it has nothing concrete to say. That it is unable to get across to the electorate a coherent and firm plan of how to meet the difficulties. And the electoral test of these plans is not whether they are "frightening" or "frightened," but whether the public can be convinced that they are good plans, which are a real answer, and that they will be implemented energetically.

I hope Professor Cole will regret giving even this little encouragement to those who advocate Socialism by stealth. Because the difficulties, which he accuses some of ignoring, are too great for this sort of political drug addiction and the marginal voters know it. I hope also he won't waste time by confusing the issues and that he will in future lay much greater stress on the positive parts of his article. There are many of a younger generation on whom Professor Cole's writings have had a profound influence; for he enjoys, because he has carved it for himself, a special place in the British Labour movement.

DESMOND DONNELLY

KENYA

SIR,—Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have no doubt welcomed the pungent and incisive comments by Kingsley Martin on the tense situation in Kenya. He rightly implies that only fools could possibly have been surprised at the sudden culmination of unrest in Kenya, or any other African territory which is at present undergoing accelerated social change.

The sudden flare up in Kenya and in South Africa demonstrates how little we know about our "colonials." Few Colonial Officials in Kenya know the Kikuyu language, fewer know anything of Kikuyu social structure, political organization and patterns of economic organization. These gaps in our knowledge of the people whom we are supposed to elevate from savagery to civilization is inexcusable. It reflects the low evaluation which the Government gives to Social Anthropological research in the Colonies. The budget of the Colonial Social Science Research Council remains a joke in the face of the vast expenditures in other realms. Insignificantly few Social Anthropologists are employed directly by the Government. This is a shortsighted policy. I am not suggesting that the employment of Social Anthropologists will solve problems overnight. I am, however, suggesting that increased knowledge of our "colonials" will immeasurably help the colonial administrator and prevent us from taking certain steps the consequences of which we have no way of measuring in the light of our appalling ignorance about our "subjects." It is too late to repair the damage we have done over the years. We must look to the future using wise counsel which may often be unpleasant and quite contradictory to the course of action advocated by our conventional politicians.

PETER C. W. GUTKIND

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FARMING CREDITS

SIR,—May I refer to Mr. Winser's letter in your issue of November 29, about farming credits? There appears to be generally a great deal of concern amongst the rural population about this matter and, if I may say so, not a little misunderstanding.

The cry is always for working capital, which the complainants say ought to be provided by the banks. There are, however, two points to remember: first of all that working capital means working capital, and not, say, the £5 per acre which Mr. Winser claims it is necessary to invest in "draining, land clearing, hedging and so on." I am doubtful whether all the rest of his £17 could be included in this category either. Secondly, the applicant for loans must be credit-worthy, otherwise the money is not being lent at all but staked, which would hardly be fair on the banks' depositors, whose money it is.

Provided these two points are in order, I do not think in recent months the farmers as a whole could have found that credit facilities were being withheld from them. The Bank Manager in rural areas is well aware of the importance which everybody, from the Chancellor downwards, attaches to maximum productivity from the land and, I may add, in very many cases he is himself by no means inexpert in the problems of this industry.

With regard to interest, the cry for cheaper interest rates is of little avail in modern economic circumstances. The Government, rightly or wrongly, have decided to close the era of cheap money. If farmers were charged less than the current rate, commercial and official lenders would be making the provision at a loss, which would amount to no more than a worsening of our already over-subsidised economy.

Further artificialism cannot, in any case, provide an adequate or permanent solution. The commonsense remedy would appear much simpler: to prevent a drain of capital from the land, of which the high rates of death duties, even with the agricultural concession, are the predominant cause. Capital in the form of the genuine agricultural landlord and the farmer himself with his own resources thereby freed for working capital (including payment of interest) would be enabled to continue the co-operation which at different periods in our history has provided the only really efficient set-up for the countryside. In my opinion, the present trend towards owner occupation is undesirable. It usually leads to over-investment and certainly to lack of liquidity. The tenant farmer has less difficulty in carrying on over the years, because his needs are less great, in particular if he is backed by a landlord with the funds to maintain the necessary level of permanent investment.

There is one caveat, however, I would enter, and that is that, in addition to all this, for the welfare of the industry—and I think this is generally recognised now—it is absolutely essential that the C.A.E.C.s and landlords between them should be enabled to rid themselves of the bad farmer and let in the many potential good ones who are now patiently and often vainly awaiting their turn.

DUDLEY RYDER

"THE MAN WITH THE PIPE"

SIR,—According to Mr. Dalton, reviewing Mr. G. M. Young's *Stanley Baldwin*, the Labour Party and the T.U.C. would have approved rearmament in the Thirties "if Baldwin had told the country the truth about what Hitler was up to." There must surely be a better defence for Mr. Dalton's party than this contemptible crawl out from responsibility! And this from a man who blames Baldwin and Macdonald for "mushy-mindedness" and "liking to watch the clouds!"

The argument is a particularly embittering one for those of us who in 1933 were trying to do our duty as foreign correspondents at Berlin under the gallant and wise leadership of the greatest foreign correspondent of my generation, Mr. Norman Ebbutt of *The Times*. Simpletons that we were, we thought it worth while to get some of the facts into print in newspapers which were often reluctant to print news so lacking in comfort. *The Times* alone, in spite of its editorial policy, printed enough to make failure to perceive the Nazi danger a fault for which the men then in public life should apologise instead of trying to shelter one behind the other. Many of us nursed the illusions which have since cost tens of millions of lives. Is it not more decent to admit it with humility instead of fatuously suggesting that Baldwin's titanic figure stood between us and the truth?

15 Quai Bourbon, D. R. GILLIE
Paris, IV.

SIR,—Mr. Dalton's review of the new book on Baldwin raises several interesting points. I will confine myself to one of them. It concerns the famous East Fulham by-election in October, 1933, "a sensational Labour gain," as Mr. Dalton rightly describes it, though the turnover of votes was actually 19,000 not 9,000.

That this was "a pacifist victory is", writes Mr. Dalton, a myth. I suggest that he is quibbling about words. The successful candidate was not, it is true, a pacifist in the strict sense of the term. The issue, however, was not pacifism in that sense but armaments.

That was what Baldwin was speaking about when he made his much-quoted reference to the by-election. And Mr. Dalton himself makes it clear that at East Fulham the Labour candidate and his supporters urged disarmament and opposed rearmament. At that time, and for long afterwards, the Labour and Liberal Oppositions alike held that no increase in armaments was required either for national or for collective defence; and that, indeed, rearmament was incompatible with support of collective defence through the League of Nations.

Mr. Dalton knows quite well that Peace and Disarmament were always linked together in the propaganda of the Oppositions and of the League of Nations Union. At East Fulham, the Labour candidate was reported by the enthusiastic *News Chronicle* (October 21 1933) to have "crystallised the issue in a sentence: 'I am asking for votes for peace and disarmament; my opponent demands armaments and preparation for war.'" Victorious, he told the same paper (October 26):

> In a constituency which has always been decisively Conservative in its allegiance, the majority of the electors have chosen Labour and the progressive policy of disarmament, rather than the Conservative policy of rearmament. As polling day approached this became a dominant issue, and the verdict is a demand from the British people for a change of Government policy.

The editorial in the paper declared:

> . . . the Government will clearly be well advised to heed the dramatic warning given; for Fulham's example is a warning indeed.

That has not prevented the *News Chronicle* and those who agreed with it from denouncing Baldwin in later years for heeding the Fulham warning and the many others which followed.

Church View, Frant, R. BASSETT
Tunbridge Wells.

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—Mrs. Jay has a few fundamental errors in her article "School Seats in 1960?". In drawing up the plans for Comprehensive Schools there was never any question of "site arguments." These plans are based solely on educational arguments. The question whether it would be easier to find large or small sites was only discussed during the last few years by the Tories, in their political opposition to Comprehensive Schools.

The size of these schools was never based on the necessity to have a large top. The Comprehensive High Schools "will provide in the main body of the school and in sixth forms a variety of courses suited to the aptitude and ability of all the pupils." (I quote from the London School Plan of 1947). In the Appendix to this Plan it is stated that the size of the sixth forms must allow for the widest alternative choices of academic subjects. It has always been hoped that a number of pupils whose parents would like them to have as long a school life as possible would stay for a sixth form course at the Comprehensive Schools, studying some technical or vocational subjects, not necessarily at the academic level. A variety of sixth forms will certainly make for the best balanced school. But it is the need to have a large *academic* sixth which determines the size of these schools.

Of the first two schools to be finished, one will be in North London and one in South. Having stated that the extra children are largely congregated in Boroughs south of the river, Mrs. Jay can hardly complain if the maiority of the first schools to be erected are to be there too. It is, of course, because of site difficulties that the Council has had to plan some of the new schools on ground already available, such as the Parliament Hill School. Incidentally this is not the only grammar school in the county to have its own hockey pitch.

Hollycot, Vale of Health, HELEN C. BENTWICH
Hampstead.

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS

SIR,—I recently asked my local bookseller to procure for me a copy of *Notre Dames des Fleurs* by Jean Genet. The book was duly ordered from a London firm of wholesalers who, in due course, replied laconically: "Regret cannot supply—liable to seizure by H.M. Customs."

Now, Sir, I may be an obscene old man, but I confess that this small incident has puzzled and bewildered me. Goodness knows, we have been well enough protected, in the past, against the iniquity in our midst; but it is news to me that we are no longer free to corrupt our minds, if we so wish, with so-called "indecent" works in a foreign language. It is not as though the censorship had become notably stricter in late years—the reverse, in fact, seems to be the case. *The Naked and the Dead* sells in its thousands (despite—or because of—a lonely protest from the Editor of the *Sunday Times*); *Ulysses* itself—banned for nearly a generation—can now be purchased as freely as the latest Angela Thirkell; even Gide's *Corydon* is now available in translation. Yet the (untranslated) works of M. Genet who, however unorthodox, has a considerable reputation in France as a serious novelist (and whose play, *Les Bonnes*, was recently produced in London), may not be imported, it seems, into this country.

Since when, I wonder, has the censorship thus extended itself, and what, precisely, are its standards of judgment in the matter?

Ivy Cottage, JOCELYN BROOKE
Bishopsbourne, Kent.

GREEK CHRISTMAS

SIR,—As the hallowed season of goodwill approaches, may we appeal to your readers to help us to send desperately needed food, clothes and blankets to the 20,000 men, women and children detained in prisons and islands of exile in Greece.

For most of these people this will be at least the sixth Christmas they have spent away from their homes and, during the past six years, their health has seriously deteriorated. Many of them suffer from tuberculosis and other sicknesses, and gifts of food and warm clothing may mean the difference between life and death. Their families are mostly poverty stricken and unable to help them.

The International Red Cross, which distributes the relief supplies sent by our committee to their representative in Athens, is most anxious that more and more food and warm clothes should be sent for the political exiles and detainees in Greece. All gifts are gratefully accepted throughout the year, but anything given now will help to bring a little Christmas cheer into the hearts of these suffering people.

May we therefore urge you to send gifts in kind (tinned food, clothes, etc.) as well as financial donations towards the purchase of blankets and the payment of transport costs. Send to: Relief Committee, L.D.G., 19 Beak Street, London, W.1.

BOYD-ORR, COMPTON MACKENZIE, LEONARD CASSINI, A. E. COPPARD, F. LEWIS DONALDSON, BARBARA DRAKE, JOHN MAVROGORDATO, ETHEL MANNIN, PETER PEARS, KATE ROBERTS, SYBIL THORNDIKE, MARY TREVELYAN.

KOREAN ARMISTICE

SIR,—With reference to the controversy about the armistice negotiations in Korea, I am surprised to see so little attention given to the most valuable contribution made so far. I refer to Mr. P. Noel-Baker's proposals made as an Opposition speaker replying to the Foreign Affairs debate in the House of Commons on November 6. I quote from *Hansard* of that day, p. 317:

> Could the truce be taken in two stages, both to be completed before the political conference began? The first stage would be a cease-fire, on the basis of the agreements already made. After all, the practical arrangements for supervising the truce have all been settled. The second stage would be agreement about the prisoners' return. Only when that, too, was settled, would the political conference begin . . . I should have thought that once the fighting had stopped, the chances of getting agreement on the prisoners would be increased.

It seems to me that this would be a solution that would not only appeal to the people of this country in general, irrespective of their political beliefs, but also one that the Chinese and North Koreans would find difficult to refuse. I hope that it will be pressed further. J. SCOTT MATHESON

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Books in General

It is unusual for a poet of genius not to have some element of rebellion in him, at least when he is young. The hostility need not be political: it may concern only the artistic forms in vogue at the time; but some impatience, some tendency to collide, there probably will be, unless the poet grows up in perfect harmony with his surroundings—in which case he is unlikely to become a poet at all, since poetry is harmony born of discord. There would seem to have been very little of the latter in the formative years of Hugo von Hofmannstahl, who was born in Vienna in 1874 and published his first poems, with considerable success, when he was only seventeen. There is a dangerous perfection about these wistful poems and the series of brief verse dramas that followed them. They are the work, not of a man bursting with some "message," but of a youth who has already had leisure to recollect in tranquillity, and who finds life agreeable enough to be able to face—not its tragedies, which most of us can face—but its ineluctable sadness. Such poetry, when written by a young man, is often a flash in the pan, because there is no original drive behind it. But Hofmannstahl went quietly on, feeling his way forward in a series of Knight's moves, from verse to prose and back again, until he settled down into his career as a dramatist with the Oedipus plays, with *Elektra* and *Der Abenteurer und die Sängerin*, by which time Richard Strauss had planted himself firmly in the Knight's path.

In trying to represent Hofmannstahl, the anthologist does not have a simple task. With a very few exceptions, his occasional essays, his attempts at the short story, are rather stiff and colourless—side-glances at themes he would develop more fully elsewhere, such as *Lucidor*, the prose sketch which later turned into the libretto of *Arabella*. As an introduction to the writer the present selection* has been on the whole very sensibly made, as well as translated, not into the usual German-American, but into smooth and urbane English. Almost everything in it, from the fragmentary novel, *Andreas*, to the aphorisms from "The Book of Friends," is worth reading, though I question the wisdom of printing a single chapter from the middle of that sublime and powerful but enigmatic story, *The Woman without a Shadow*, since by itself this is quite unintelligible. To catch the flavour of Hofmannstahl's subtle genius is not easy: perhaps it can be done only by a perusal of everything he wrote; but the reader of this selection who, taking a long jump over Hermann Broch's exceedingly tiresome introduction, makes straight for *Andreas*, can hardly fail to be caught and held by the special tone of the prose, old-fashioned yet vivid, and by the dramatic poetry of the narrative. In fact, the essential Hofmannstahl lies revealed in this fragmentary novel: Venice in the eighteenth century; the young Austrian aristocrat who, at home in his own world, is also in love with Italy yet uneasily aware of his equivocal position there, and of his own naivety in face of the calculating Latins—the adventurers (Hofmannstahl was always fascinated by the figure of Casanova), the dishonest servants, the classical purity of female faces concealing minds less pure but still mysterious; the masked and beckoning figure to follow whom may mean death but must mean adventure, hence discovering the reality of oneself. That Hofmannstahl never saw his way to finish this novel is infuriating, for it would surely have stood high among *Erziehungsromane*—the "novels of upbringing" that include *Wilhelm Meister*, *Pendennis*, Keller's *Der grüne Heinrich* and Stifter's *Der Nachsommer*.

Why the poet should have left this and other novels unfinished (the brief *Twilight and Nocturnal Storm*, translated in this volume, is hardly less tantalizing than *Andreas*), is a matter of crucial interest. He may, I hazard, have been impatient with the slowness and looseness of the form, compared with the drama at which he was already (1912) adept. Or he may have been irked by the necessity of "pointing a moral," for apart from his natural tendency to conform, Hofmannstahl was too well-mannered a writer to be didactic. His method all along is to insinuate a dislike of extremes by implying that between himself and his reader no time need be wasted in arguing about fundamentals. It goes without saying that Hofmannstahl had "read everything," and his works assume in his reader a culture co-extensive with, or at least similar to, his own. This was very much the Viennese way, in the days of the Austro-Hungarian empire, to which Hofmannstahl completely and inescapably belonged. Vienna was open to the south and west, but much less so to the north, and the poet shows himself again typical of his class and date in his distaste, amounting at times to contempt, for the German mind and manners. The "Book of Friends" is full of strictures on the Germans' lack of emotional tact, their habit of exaggeration and the poverty of their social life. It used to be true that "politics is the art of social intercourse on a higher level," but this is not a statement that would seem natural in a German of the past hundred years. Apart from any truth they contain, his aphorisms show how private a face Hofmannstahl turned towards the world, and they remind us—if we need a reminder—of the deliberately French tenor of Viennese social life.

It is this Frenchness, and the light it throws on the poet's ambivalent attitude to the society of his day, which give to his only play with a contemporary setting, *Der Schwierige*, so absorbing an interest. This wry comedy of a secretive, contrary, calculating, yet somehow generous and upright man, who wants to keep his lovers and friends but without any responsibility on his own part, was doubtless born of Hofmannstahl's Proustian love of Viennese society and his acute perception of its evasions; but his dramatic method in this play derives from Restoration English and classical French models—Congreve, Otway (Hofmannstahl found *Venice Preserved* worth the trouble of translating), Racine and Marivaux; while his tragedies and opera librettos owe rather more to Shakespeare and Calderon, Tourneur, Schiller and Grillparzer. *Der Schwierige* does not perhaps quite maintain the level of its long and brilliant first act; but in its ethereal way it is wonderfully amusing, and its speech, stuffed with Gallicisms—*Aristokratendeutsch* such as *appuyiert, adoriert, horreur, convoyieren*—gives it a period flavour almost as strong as that of *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Der Schwierige was written at the end of the first war, by which time the conflict between the novelist and the dramatist in Hofmannstahl had ended in the defeat of the former. It is usually assumed that Strauss was responsible for this turn of events. Probably he was; but to deplore, as many critics have done, the poet's long "subservience" to the composer, strikes me as unintelligent. There is no evidence that in writing librettos Hofmannstahl wasted a poetic gift which would otherwise have been turned to better account, or that he himself ever felt his true vocation to lie elsewhere. In the curious and moving *Letter of Lord Chandos to Francis Bacon* (translated in this volume) Hofmannstahl shows the natural bent of his mind in youth towards the all-embracing work of art, of which Wagnerian opera is the most highly evolved form. The drama based on E. T. A. Hoffmann's story, *The Mines of Falun*, the first act of which dates from Hofmannstahl's early career, could, with a little cutting, be set to music to-morrow. His romantic imagination, which ranged easily from baroque pastiche to oriental fantasy; the regal simplicity of his images; the classical rhythm and euphony of his verse: all these bespeak the born librettist. And the text of *Der Rosenkavalier* alone would be the justification of a poet's lifetime.

At the same time, it is clear from the letters they exchanged that the partnership between Strauss and Hofmannstahl was not altogether an easy one: they were by temperament too dissimilar, and their outlooks—their worlds—too incompatible, for either to understand the other *à demi mot*. Strauss seems to have been a jolly, extravert, not over-sensitive character, whose genius depended to some extent on enjoying the good things of this world—a description that scarcely fits Hofmannstahl poised in the spartan tranquillity of his tiny baroque palace at Rodaun, on the outskirts of Vienna. As far as *Ariadne auf Naxos* the two men can be said to have run in double harness; in *The Woman without a Shadow* the poet inveigled the composer into a mysterious region where he was not at home. The result, despite some terrible lapses into musical commonplace, is in my view a great opera; but the strain had been too heavy and it marks the effective end of the collaboration. The attempt to prolong it served only to deepen the sentimentality which is the one serious fault in Hofmannstahl's work as a whole—and perhaps in Strauss's. Sentimentality is discernible as a slightly sickly odour in even the best of the early plays; it is present in *Rosenkavalier*, where, however, the milieu is strong enough to withstand it. But it turned *The Egyptian Helen* into a meaningless farrago and *Arabella* into a half-hearted attempt, doomed to failure, to repeat the success of *Rosenkavalier* in a later (and weaker) setting. We are left to ponder ruefully on the probability that *The Love of Danae* would have been less deplorably bad, if Strauss had composed it earlier and had encouraged Hofmannstahl to write the libretto.

It is necessary to insist on the importance, in Hofmannstahl's *oeuvre*, of *The Woman without*

* *The Selected Prose of Hugo von Hofmannstahl.* Translated by MARY HOTTINGER and TANIA and JAMES STERN. *Routledge.* 25s.

a Shadow—not merely because the poet himself set great store by it, but because he evidently felt the necessity of making the very compressed libretto more explicit by rehandling the theme in the form of a legend. In this final recension it deserves to have been included in Hofmannstahl's own admirable anthology of the best stories in the German language. It is also tempting to see in this prose poem a resolution of the writer's frustrated attempts to adapt the novel to the structure of his poetic vision. The result comes closer than anything else in German literature to fulfilling the demands of the French Symbolists, especially Mallarmé; but many other strands are woven into the background of this wonderfully luminous prose: Beckford, Poe, Nerval, Flaubert (*St. Julien l'hospitalier* and *St. Antoine*), as well as Hoffmann and the more highly conscious art of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. There is, nevertheless, something ultimately baffling about this story of an empress who begins by yielding to evil counsels, but redeems her wrong choice by risking her life in order to save it. Some of the symbols remain obscure, and there are, besides (it is a defect of the genre) too many over- and undertones. Specific moral qualities flow out of one character into another and back again, in a manner that seems merely alleged as well as confusing, and at times the natural and supernatural change places so rapidly that we scarcely know where we are. Against all this must be set scenes of an imaginative intensity unparalleled in the rest of Hofmannstahl's fiction: *Die Frau ohne Schatten* remains a thrilling *tour de force*, of which a complete translation is as overdue in this country as the first production of the opera.

How deeply dependent on music Hofmannstahl was for the completion of his poetry is evident in the last of his plays not intended as librettos. *The Tower* is a prose tragedy based on a theme by Calderon but recalling strongly the more lurid flights of the Jacobean dramatists. Like *Die Frau, Der Turm* explores the idea of royal responsibility, but, despite some powerful scenes, the play is unsuccessful because the later acts fail to provide a *dénouement* commensurate with the dramatic possibilities of the first and second. A symphonic musical texture (not necessarily that of Strauss) might reconcile us to the relentless gloom of *The Tower*, just as Verdi's stream of expressive melody reconciles us to the plot of *Simon Boccanegra* and retrieves even *I due Foscari* from total failure. As it stands, *Der Turm* has a certain magnificence, and it opens a door on to the strange and tragic realm into which the poet had wandered, during the last years of his life.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

GIVING A LIFT

A pensioner with apologetic cough,
He pleased me with his desultory talk,
And yet I felt relieved when he got off.

A weight careens a lightly running car
When courteous broken men are passengers.
Is it how sad, or how attached they are?

This travelling light, I see, requires a nerve
That cannot bear such weight of life beside
As drags it over on a human curve.

DONALD DAVIE

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

The Private Papers of Douglas Haig. Edited by ROBERT BLAKE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

To the private schoolboy, rising twelve, looking for heroes in fact and fiction, Sir Douglas Haig was presented as the perfect Knight—immaculate, upright, uncorrupted, fighting the Good Fight not only against a bestial enemy, but also (echoes here, no doubt, from a militarist headmaster) against the slime of toadies, twisters, place-hunters, go-getters—in a word, politicians. Turn over a dozen years, change the shorts for "Oxford bags," and the picture is exactly reversed. Daddy loved has become Daddy despised—the crass cavalry ignoramus, narrow, prejudiced, stubborn, inflexibly opposed to every innovation, blind to every sign of ability in others, deaf to every argument but his own.

Where, between these desperate extremes, did the truth lie? The private inquirer turns to Haig's private papers in the hope of being able to clear up the discrepancy. But it must be said at once that they are not illuminating about the man, and will not, perhaps, even alter very materially the judgment of historians. Haig's inarticulateness in speech always put him at a disadvantage with civilians, and the Diaries confirm the impression of a man incapable alike of vision and analysis. The three hundred and sixty-four selected pages do not offer one single phrase, whether of general observation or delineation of character, which rises above the mental level of the average golf-club member.

But then no one ever claimed for Haig distinction of mind. It is that amorphous, indefinable quality, "character," on which his admirers have taken their stand. And his first triumph of character was to turn himself into a first-class, highly professional Staff Officer. As a young man of private means, he had chosen his profession not, like most of his contemporaries, for the incidental social and athletic advantages it offered. He meant from the first to rise to the top, and he applied his moderate gifts with such determination as to have made himself by 1914 the outstanding soldier of middle age. He foresaw and prepared himself thoroughly, in his own way, for the trial that was coming. And he was under no delusions about it. At the first War Council on August 4 he urged, in the face of the prevailing optimism: "We must organise our resources *for a war of several years.*"

From the very outset he decided in his own mind that Sir John French was incompetent and he himself, alone, competent to take command. The professional code combined with a strict sense of honour compelled him at first to a loyalty which he did not feel. But this sense of honour of his is really the clue to his famous "character," and it deserves examination. It was not highly developed, though it was evidently intense. It was a loyalty to his own lot but it did not extend one fraction outside that. The pattern seems to have set at the stage of "honour among schoolboys"—intense loyalty to one's own gang and a fierce hostility against the opposing gang. But the sense of honour does not apply, except under duress, to the grown-ups. There is, even, a stronger fellow-feeling for the other gang (the enemy soldiers in this case)—though it all the same won't stop one exterminating them—than for one's own grown-ups (the politicians).

The inadequacy of Sir John French produced the first major test of Haig's loyalty. But the manœuvres by which he took French's place were not a break-out from this rather childish pattern. Haig refused to regard his manœuvre as an intrigue. Other people intrigued, he never did. His was an act of loyalty which only his great sense of duty could persuade him very reluctantly to perform. And so one is not surprised to find that he is quite incapable of the same generosity in judging others as in judging himself. His diaries are spattered with contemptuous references to the intrigues of other men, so much so that to the sceptical mind this repetitious insistence on the treachery of others with its unspoken corollary of his own uprightness rouses the worst suspicions.

The second major test of his loyalty comes up over Lloyd George. This was no doubt complicated by an intense personal antipathy (on each side) as well as by the fact that in these two was dramatised a clash between the old social order and the new. Yet one cannot help being struck by the lack of generosity in Haig's judgment. He must have known that Lloyd George almost single handed was responsible for clearing up the muddle of the shell shortage and getting the munitions to the front. How could he have failed to recognise the drive and energy of the man, at the very least? Lloyd George, to be sure, was an Easterner, a politician, and was not a gentleman, condemnation absolute to Haig's limited outlook. But, after all, Haig's self-professed aim was often repeated. He expressed it in the childish phrase "to beat the Germans for the good of the Empire." Had Lloyd George accused him of wanting not victory but only the personal success of being the man who gained it, he would have been justly incensed. Yet he never lost the opportunity to accuse Lloyd George of exactly that.

There is considerable fascination in tracing through these diaries the day-to-day operation of Haig's system of loyalty. He *was* generous in not wishing to pursue the matter of L.G.'s first *gaffe* in going behind his back to question Foch about British officers and British tactics. But he never forgave it. He was loyal to the Government (Lloyd George commended this) in the crisis of Robertson's dismissal. But in his diary he gave his real motives away all too clearly. First, Robertson ought to have gone to Versailles as he was ordered to because "it is necessary for all soldiers to work together at this time and Robertson might save us from defeat by opposing Lloyd George's desire to send troops to the East." Secondly, when Robertson refused, he was dropped with this

epitaph: "He has not resolutely adhered to the policy of concentration on the Western Front. He has *said* that this is his policy but has allowed resources to be diverted at the bidding of his political masters." The Versailles agreement (for the creation of a General Reserve) Haig accepted in the letter while privately rejecting it in the spirit: "The machinery there is so big and so clumsy it will take some time before it can work fast enough to trouble me. So I don't mean to be influenced by it against my conscience." And he and Pétain, he confides to his diary, worked hand in hand, but privately, to prevent its terms being carried out.

Mr. Robert Blake, who edits these diaries, puts up a case for Haig. But it reads to me like the kind of good case which a clever lawyer puts up for a hopelessly incriminated client. The terrible Lloyd George indictment is not really impugned. There are a few minor mitigations. Haig did not oppose the use of tanks. He warmly welcomed them and only wanted more. On one occasion at least he fought his gang—when he appointed Geddes over the heads of the Generals to run the transport in France. There are charges made by Lloyd George which must remain unproven. For instance, Haig's account and Lloyd George's of the dismissal of Gough are flatly contradictory. But the portrait that emerges from these diaries is that of a small man, not of a large. There was, of course, a core of truth in the schoolboy's hero picture of him—loyal, tenacious, brave—but these schoolboy virtues, admirable though they may be in schoolboys as a foundation for adult character, are not enough in a Commander-in-Chief in a world-wide war. Yet they were about all he had. Faced with demands to which they were hopelessly unequal, even they turned sour. The loyalty became sullen, the tenacity became a kind of obsessional obstinacy, the courage the stubborn enduring of the sacrifice of a whole generation on the altar of his own *idée fixe*.

T. C. WORSLEY

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JOHN MURRAY

MONKS AND COMMISSARS

Purity of Diction in English Verse. By DONALD DAVIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 14s.

As I want to attack this book I had best say at the start that it is worth attacking, and contains important truths, and is in line with other influential writers. Mr. Davie is right in emphasising that poems of earlier periods which we still admire were praised in their time for chastity and decorum of diction, virtues to which the modern literary critic (though there has never before this century been literary criticism of such breadth and depth) commonly appears blind. A recovery from "experimental" and "transitional" work does seem overdue, and many poets seem to be recognising it. The prospect looks a bit flat to old fogeys like me, but that is a familiar historical turn. Mr. Davie is right, too, when he breaks an obscure snobbery by praising some hymns, by Wesley; not only chaste and decorous in their diction, they are also urbane. He only throws this term in, but it shows, I think, the difficulty of reviving the old terms. He means by "urbane" (apparently) that Wesley could write concentrated religious verse because he could assume a knowledge of Scripture in his audience; "urbanity" is being able to assume any form of cultivation in an audience. The mere shift of a term is nothing to grumble about, though surely an eighteenth-century figure who called Wesley urbane would be rather absurd and would not mean that. But I think Mr. Davie is under another snobbery when he does not also praise nineteenth-century hymns; for instance, the line

Glad with Thee to suffer pain

would get a lot of praise from critics if it happened to come in one of Donne's love-poems; but Mr. Davie is assuming, apparently from some political principle, that nineteenth-century writing was impure, hymns and all. He jeers in passing at a line by Tennyson:—

Tears from the depth of some divine despair—

as "an accidental fuzziness" compared to some flat but decent bit of hymn-work, merely because it is not tied to a compact theology. The jeers of the orthodox at the religious sentiments of the free-thinkers have long seemed to me the kind of bad propaganda that comes from bad feelings; their business is to develop such ideas, not try to kill them by boasting that they have the only correct ones. It seems to me stupid not to feel that the Tennyson line is beautiful.

The book has a fine ruthlessness in insisting that purity of diction has a natural connection with purity of character, though stopping at the point: "It is best to think, therefore, that we condemn Shelley's eroticism (as we do) because it produces a jargon, and not because we dislike it 'in itself'." A literary divergence is found in the theoretical programme of Mr. Pound (an old leader of this general movement) which of course explains why he went wrong politically, too; Mr. Eliot, however, has at last come out just right. I get a strong smell of monks or commissars here. Waiving Mr. Pound, who is a deeply charitable man, and his views on Jews, let us consider the yearning Mr. Eliot suggesting how to keep the poor tolerably ignorant, out of a genuine public spirit, I don't deny; here is the chastity and decorum of literary style which is so closely related to the moral virtues with the same names; and then cast an eye on the disgustingly self-indulgent Shelley, a man who naturally couldn't write, because he gave away a fortune and lived chiefly on bits of bread and was hag-ridden by the thought of universal welfare. I am inclined to think that the self-indulgent member of this triangle is Mr. Davie. He repeatedly claims to offer a moral method of criticism, and even says that he wouldn't bother with his subject except for its moral importance. With ingenuity as well as charity, he finds a kind word for Shelley, that Shelley had an urbane conversational diction for minor poems because he was the only real gentleman among the Romantic poets (Byron handn't been brought up as one). It suggests to me a Sunday schoolteacher, all the more blankly certain she is right because of her complete non-realisation of what she is saying, who happens to have got round to saying "That was a very good lion because it ate so many Christians." Some Christians have claimed that their religion invented benevolence, which is absurd; but it is not insane like this Neotheory, that a Christian has to reprobate benevolence as a form of libidinousness. I call that getting rattled.

My feeling about Shelley is that he was morally impregnable but had no ear. However, this feeling about sound changes very oddly; one of the Late Victorian pundits, who would reprobate the morals, broke into ecstasy over the sheer beauty of sound of the line:—

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar.

Fresh spring; I would expect this to be used in a bitter satire against the hideousness of English; which has yet a beauty that can only be found by those who love her. Nobody seems to understand these changes of feeling about sound—my own are merely those of my generation—and it seems at least premature to erect a moral theory on the current ones.

As giving a social programme, Mr. Davie runs into a contradiction which he hardly recognises. If the urbanity of style possible till the late eighteenth century depended on a class culture and diction which then collapsed, so that the Romantics can't be blamed for losing it, then I can't see how he can ask modern poets to bring it back now. To be sure, I fancy he would be a bit startled by the urbanity of Johnson or Rochester or James I if he met them; the roots of things are not as quiet as he tends to assume; and I daresay some very un-urbane writing just now would be the only way to produce the state of public feeling which he rightly wishes to recommend. But I should think he is probably right, he is making a good spot about what the exam of future life will be, when he recommends Pure Diction to his pupils. I wish I knew how to disentangle the part of this story that is true from the part which could be positively harmful.

W. EMPSON

EXPLORERS IN NEPAL

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The Mt. Everest Reconnaissance Expedition, 1951. By ERIC SHIPTON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25s.

There have been few more dramatic turns in the history of Himalayan exploration than the discovery, by the Shipton reconnaissance party last year, of a possible route up Mount Everest from the south, just after the northern route taken by all previous parties had been put out of bounds through the closing of Tibet to Westerners. It is very natural that public attention should be focused on the bold and simple lines of these renewed attempts on the highest mountain of the world (though Mr. Shipton himself severely notes that "Everest expeditions attract a quite disproportionate amount of public interest"). Yet the opening up of the south approach to Everest is only one of the results of the opening up of Nepal in general. It was in 1948 that permission was first given to outsiders to travel in the mountains of Nepal: up till then, only a handful of foreigners had been allowed into the country at all, and they had been severely restricted to the Katmandu valley. Mr. Tilman was the first British traveller to profit by the new policy, and his latest book describes his journeys in the Nepal Himalaya in 1949 and 1950.

Permission was not given unconditionally: Mr. Tilman found himself pledged to stiffen the pleasures of travel with some serious scientific work—or, as a Russian friend put it, "to tear a few more rents in Nature's veil." Readers of his other books will know what this pledge cost him. Swallowing the prejudices of a lifetime, he engaged a botanist, a geologist, borrowed a photo-theodolite for his climbing companion Peter Lloyd to operate, and himself undertook to collect Meligethes beetles for the British Museum. On the rather larger party of 1950 science was served by a study of land utilisation and soil erosion.

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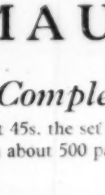

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There is an appendix by Mr. Polunin on the natural history of the Langtang valley, and a list of flowers; but except for a few heartless references to beetles, science seldom rears its ugly head into the narrative, which is genuine vintage Tilman. No ecstasies, no heroics—you would really think the worst they had to put up with was having to read *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* three times each—but a bland and civilised appreciation of the endless surprises of Nature, the endless vagaries of men.

In both years the party hoped to climb a peak or two as well as explore. In fact, though several peaks were attempted, only one top was reached. The most sustained climbing effort was on Annapurna IV, 24,688 feet high, only a few days after the French had reached the top of Annapurna I (the points on this range are numbered like kings). At 600 feet from the top Packard (the land utilisation expert) was still going strong: but none of the others was fit enough to go with him, and the last lap would have been unjustifiable alone. Much of this section dovetails into the French Annapurna narrative: the same villages are visited, the same ridge crossed, no doubt the same map found to be at fault. But whereas in the French account all interest is concentrated on the one great enterprise, in Tilman's, what matters most is the pleasure of simply living in such places. Content comes, not only through a ridge topped, a pass reached, an objective gained; but through the sight of a shrine perched on a moraine, or a moss-grown *chorten* on a hillside; bathes in clear and kindly streams; encounters with shepherds, lamas, or Tibetan officials ("stout and affable, in Homburg hat and dark spectacles"), arrivals at grazing-ground, monastery or villages where the houses have the lopped tip of a conifer tied to the gable-end, "as a charm against leopards, ghosts, bears, Snowmen and tax-collectors." These pleasures are reflected in the photographs which are about equally divided between scenery—from the wooded gorges of the south side of the range to the bare, eroded landscape towards Tibet—and the incidents of the road: temples, images, village groups, switchback paths and unconvincing bridges.

Back in Katmandu after his second journey, Mr. Tilman was invited to join a small American party which proposed to visit Solu Khumbu, the home of the Sherpas on the south side of Everest. Once so near, it was impossible to resist a closer look at the mountain: he and Charles Houston were able to spot the narrow slit in the vast defensive rock wall down which flows the ice-fall from the Western Cwm. On this limited view they could not be very hopeful about the chance of a practicable new route; but their report was enough to fire some young climbers at home to plan a reconnaissance expedition for next autumn, and to demand a slightly astonished Eric Shipton (just home from a spell as a consul in China) to lead it. How they discovered what really did seem a possible way up the mountain—which the Swiss followed on their attempts this year—is now common knowledge. Mr. Shipton tells the story again very briefly in the second book under review, as a background to 68 pages of photographs. Everything has been done in the choice and explanation of pictures, which include some taken from the air, to stamp the looks and structure of Everest itself on the reader's eye, and make him feel at home on the Khumbu Glacier or up the fantastic ice-fall. Everest is a formidable, a terrific, mountain: no one has ever called it a beautiful one. For pure pleasure I would rather recommend the views taken on the various journeys to other parts of the range, which convey something of the exhilaration the climbers felt when they reached a pass and gazed at unexplored country. There are also some nice yaks and lamas, Dinglas and Sherpas; trim, clean-shaven men in windjackets called Angtarkay and Utsering, wild, hairy men in braces with fanatic eyes, said to be Bourdillon, Ward and Shipton.

The result of the 1951 reconnaissance was to start a rush for Everest, with advance bookings: this year the Swiss have had it, next year it will be the British, the French in 1954. No doubt the Germans, Italians and Japanese are jostling to join the queue, and I suppose the Russians might pop up at any moment from the North through Tibet. But when Everest has been climbed, by men of whatever nation, then mountaineers and mountain travellers can turn with an easier mind to the hundreds of other unknown peaks and glaciers of this stupendous country. There will be less glory, and less publicity: but very likely more pleasure.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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NORMAN DOUGLAS

Venus in the Kitchen, or Love's Cookery Book. By PILAFF BEY. Edited by NORMAN DOUGLAS. Introduction by GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Norman Douglas. By H. M. TOMLINSON. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Norman Douglas. By R. M. DAWKINS. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

Norman Douglas was a man as various as Dryden's Zimri. This may explain the proprietary attitude adopted by some of his admirers. Each one imagines that he knew the whole man, whereas in fact he saw only a facet of a Protean personality, a reflection of himself. Egocentric though Douglas was—"one owes something to oneself, *n'est ce pas?*"—he gave abundantly. It is not surprising that the recipients of his rich bounty should cherish the illusion that they were particularly favoured. It was not, after all, an illusion. If your interests lay in herpetology, geology, oinology, the Greek Lyric poets, limericks of *graffiti*, you did not go away empty-handed; but you were mistaken if you imagined you "knew Norman Douglas." All the more reason, therefore, that his many friends should put on record their views: they add up to something like the total. Even such one-sided portraits as D. H. Lawrence's in *Aaron's Rod* and the preface to Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* have their place, though Douglas pointed out that one should beware of "the novelist's touch." Mr. Cardan in *Those Barren Leaves* and Duncan Maxwell in *Vestal Fire* are clearly different aspects of the same person. Pino Orioli and Muriel Draper show him from two other angles. The more the better.

Professor R. M. Dawkins' pamphlet first appeared in 1933. This is a study of the author by a scholar who knew the man. "What he brings us is true honey and has all the sweetness of the ancient world; it comes to us strong and fragrant from the clear-cut slopes of Helicon." Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's is a rambling essay; what makes it worth re-printing is the new preface, *The Man I Knew*. Old friends, they had not met for many years until Douglas unexpectedly returned to England during the war. This is an excellent pencil sketch of Douglas during that dismal lustrum. Mr. Tomlinson catches his very accents: "Of course it's dull. Damnably dull! How would its admirers know it was as good as a new religion if it wasn't as flat and grey as cold porridge and no salt? Not a grain of salt." Mr. Graham Greene saw much of Norman Douglas during the last years of his life on Capri. His introduction to *Venus in the Kitchen* shows yet another aspect of the man, authentic as can be, as when he describes that sudden laugh which would break like an explosion in a quarry, "over before the noise has reached you."

Venus in the Kitchen was compiled between 1924 and 1936, when Douglas was living in Florence. The mythical Pilaff Bey explains that after a succulent dinner with several bottles of wine, some of the elder guests began to lament their declining vigour. Someone suggested that there might be certain dishes whose ingredients and spices would be likely to revive the failing ardours of middle-age. This book is the result. The frontispiece is by D. H. Lawrence. Pilaff Bey has something to say about it:

> Not many years ago I met in the South of France a Mr. D. H. Lawrence, an English painter, whom I interested in the subject . . . and who certainly looked as if his own health would have been improved by a course of such recipes as I had gathered together.

The recipes are indeed delectable. No need to attempt leopard's marrow cooked in goat's milk, to "clean and truss a young crane," or to obtain the elusive skink. A glass or two of Hippocras, mutton cutlets with cognac, or curried kidneys, should restore the energy of the most enfeebled. This is just the weather for such serious experiments. Of course, the aphrodisiac value of these delicious dishes cannot be guaranteed. Years ago, after reading *Panerós*, I asked, "But Uncle Norman, are there then *no* reliable aphrodisiacs?" I remember the bark of laughter and the richly rolling Austrian "r" of the reply: "Variety, my dear!"

This book should have been the perfect Christmas present. Unfortunately, the pages are marred by tasteless decorative scribbles and silly misprints. A pity, for it is well printed, on good paper, and reasonably priced.

JOHN DAVENPORT

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Working with Roosevelt ranks in importance with Miss Perkins's reminiscences and Mr. Sherwood's masterly study of Harry Hopkins, and it reveals more of the intimate life of the White House under the New Deal than I have read in any other book. Here we can study in minute detail how the President's mind was made up; how he handled or funked handling people, how he faced or shirked problems, and how he composed the speeches and fireside chats which were the continuous expression of his policy. Mr. Rosenman has much that is new to say about the Supreme Court crisis in 1936, the nomination of Mr. Truman in 1944, and the peculiar personal relations between Roosevelt and Willkie which might have led to a realignment of liberal forces had it not been for Willkie's sudden death. He also gives us a valuable account of Roosevelt as Governor of New York and as Presidential candidate in 1932 which confutes the common error that the New Deal was something suddenly concocted after he reached the White House.

Mr. Rosenman has been able to make this remarkable contribution to history because he was Roosevelt's most faithful ghost-writer, first from 1928 to 1932 when he was Governor of New York, and then from 1936 to his death. In this unofficial—and unpaid—capacity, he probably knew the President better and took part in more of his political decisions than any other man, including Howe and Hopkins. Because he possesses a sensibility and detachment impossible to politicians, he has been able to write with devotion but without mawkishness, sometimes with severity, but never with malice.

It is clear from this book that Roosevelt was never able to deliver a speech or a fireside chat without immense preparation and the collaboration of ghost-writers. The one occasion when he composed his own draft—at Bremerton in 1944—the speech was a fiasco. Congenitally incapable of formulating policy in Cabinet or formal conference, he used speech-writing as his main method of making up his mind, and this is why the ghost-writers exercised such immense influence on American policy. They not only thought up most of Roosevelt's famous phrases (Moley invented "the forgotten man" and "the New Deal"; Stanley High "economic royalists"; Tommy Corcoran "rendezvous with destiny"; Steve Early "the horse and buggy age"): working on draft after draft in the Cabinet room, they usually made policy as well. Mr. Rosenman describes in detail how a number of the most famous speeches were composed. The ghost-writers were given, in the first instance, merely a list of headings and then sat down to compose a complete speech. This was worked over in draft after draft; and in the elaboration the policy decisions were taken, frequently with the most elaborate precautions to prevent the officials of Cabinet members chiefly concerned from getting an inkling of what was in the President's mind.

Mr. Rosenman confirms the common impression that Roosevelt was fickle and treacherous in his personal relations. He would take up new favourites, or recruit new ghost-writers without warning the old ones that they were on the way out. On one occasion Rosenman had to be hidden in a boarding house near Hyde Park to prevent Raymond Moley from knowing that someone else was composing a rival draft. On another, he had to write the speech announcing the President's decision to introduce national service without telling Mr. Byrnes, who would be in charge of the Bill, what was going on. This chronic deceitfulness was partly due to Roosevelt's unwillingness to have a row with anyone he liked. But it also arose out of his sense of his own pre-eminence. The original Brains Trust was broken up as soon as he reached the White House, because Roosevelt shied away from any coherent policy or teamwork which would tie him down and limit his power of manœuvre. By British standards he was more like Shaw's King Magnus than a responsible Prime Minister. He loved the American people and believed in them, but he distrusted their elected representatives and preferred to consult his presidential courtiers, many of whom were ludicrously ill-fitted for the huge responsibilities he gaily handed out to them. Since he played by ear, the score of the New Deal which he improvised must be reconstructed from such books as Mr. Rosenman's and from the inchoate changes in the structure of American life which were left behind when the music was over and the virtuoso dead.

These changes are the subject of Mr. Brogan's little book. First published in America, the English edition has been given a misleading title. Apart from brief accounts of the election campaigns, there is little here about Roosevelt the man: instead we have a useful summary of the economic reforms under the New Deal. Those agencies, whose initials we vaguely remember, are each of them succinctly described and we can see in outline the new capitalism which is emerging under the impact of the Slump and the second World War. *Roosevelt and the New Deal*, with its severe concentration on institutional changes, forms a useful corrective to Mr. Rosenman's account of the autocrat in the White House.

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Barbara Hepworth—Carvings and Drawings. Introduction by HERBERT READ. *Lund Humphries.* 63*s.*

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The war between publishers and critics over colour reproductions has been won by the publishers, to judge by the number of art books that continue to come out in colour. Diehard critics can now transform themselves into partisans and take to sporadic sniping if they wish. But it seems to me more sensible to admit defeat, and to begin to press for favourable armistice terms—by which I mean, to press for better and better colour reproductions, in the hopes that the good may eventually drive out the bad.

Although wretched colour plates continue to appear on the market, there are indications of a general improvement. A decent standard has been set in this country by the Ganymed Press, and in Switzerland by Skira. The latter has produced a series of lavish volumes, the latest of which is *Spanish Painting—Velazquez to Picasso*, with colour plates which are a real pleasure to contemplate. I should like to direct the reader's attention in particular to the detail of the Zurbaran (p. 35), to the detail of the Velazquez (p. 69), to the Melendez still life (p. 75), and to the "Negro" Picasso (p. 121): they nearly succeed in giving the illusion of being themselves works of art.

Even the Skira volume does not avoid some pitfalls to which colour plates constantly succumb. In the first place, large pictures reproduce less satisfactorily than small ones, or details from large ones; and although one dare not rely on one's memory of colours, I suspect that the plates of the Greco *Burial of Count Orgaz* and the Velazquez *Las Meninas* are less fair to the originals than the plates reproducing details from these masterpieces: in any case, the colours in the complete pictures, and in the details from them, do not quite correspond. In the second place, a uniform surface reproduces better than a broken surface: this is why the Miros are more convincing than the Goyas.

When one turns to colour plates in other volumes under review, one finds that the same principles apply. The plates in the Batsford volume devoted to Byzantine Mosaics (also printed in Switzerland) are not faithful to the originals because an attempt has been made to cover too large an area of each scene. The reduction in scale is bound to cause distortion. In this case, it would have been more sensible to have been content with monochrome photographs of the apse at Torcello, and to have confined the colour plates to near-life-size details from the mosaic: in this way at least some impression of the artist's method of work would have been conveyed. The reproductions from the *Book of Kells* are more useful precisely because they are of miniatures. However, this is merely a new edition of a book which first appeared in 1914 and, although it incorporates research on the famous Celtic manuscript up to 1925, cannot be regarded as an up-to-date authoritative textbook. The 16 facsimiles, some in colour, of Picasso drawings in the Braun book, are excellent, again because the colours are unmixed; but most of them are quite trivial, and only cover the years 1942 to 1946, not the most productive in Picasso's life. The introduction is a personal tribute from the distinguished surrealist poet, who has since died, to his great friend.

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WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON

Of all the books under review the Phaidon Berenson is the most remarkable for the combination of high quality and cheapness. Mr. Berenson's essays were mostly written in the 1890's and have remained the Bible of art historians ever since: it is astonishing to discover, on re-reading them, how little present-day estimates of the relative importance of the Renaissance masters differ from his. His text can be read easily enough in other editions. The uniqueness of this book consists in the inclusion of no fewer than 400 black-and-white reproductions of Italian pictures for the absurd price of thirty shillings. Those interested in Renaissance art will have to buy it anyway. I am only hoping that a large number of people who maintain that they get no pleasure from pictures will be given it for Christmas, since they will find that their eyes are opened to a world that is at least as thrilling as the one they live in.

The volume devoted to Barbara Hepworth reproduces the greater part of her sculpture and drawings since 1925, and combines a sympathetic introduction by Herbert Read with factual information and observations on æsthetics supplied by the sculptress herself. Of special interest are the details she gives about her contacts with other abstract artists such as Brancusi, Gabo and Moore, and about her attitude towards the relationship between her sculpture and the Cornish landscape.

Grandma Moses writes in her charming autobiography: "I think real hard till I think of something real pretty, and then I paint it." She is a New England "primitive," who only started painting in earnest at 78, and is now doing her best pictures, at the age of 92. Most of the book is taken up with recollections of her childhood—the period into which she naturally slips—but the description of the conquest by this simple soul of the New York art world is one of the best success stories that has come out of America.

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KENNETH BELL

Belief in Action. By K. N. BELL. *Bell.* 8s. 6d.

Kenneth Bell was in some ways a great man, but he was not a great writer and the contrariety so frequently observed between the personality and life of an author and his writings was in him thrown into high relief. (Yet perhaps he would not have accepted the title of writer, his only previously published works being his *Medieval Europe*, a very early work, and *Documents in British Colonial History* which he edited with a former pupil, Professor W. P. Morrell.) Certainly it would be difficult to exaggerate his impact upon the life of Balliol when he returned there as Fellow and Tutor in History after the first world war. As Dr. Poole, the President of St. John's, puts it in his Introductory Memoir, "He became the very personification of Balliol," and one who knew him both as pupil and colleague pays tribute to his qualities as a teacher—"Brilliant, stimulating, responsive, with an uncanny knack of putting his mind to that of his pupil and producing a flash of sympathetic understanding." No one, he adds, "had a defter touch for drawing out all, perhaps more than all, that a pupil had to give; and if it is a crime, as well it may be, to get a man a better class than he deserves, Kenneth was an habitual offender."

Kenneth Bell had also a great capacity for getting things done. He founded the Balliol Society and the College Educational Trust; adapted Holywell Manor as an annexe of the College and bought a 350-acre farm. When in later life he took Holy Orders and became Vicar of Binley, a mining village near Coventry, the same qualities appeared. If he was not exactly "the personification of" Binley, there was scarcely a person in Binley to whom he was not known. As one who had some opportunity of watching the ferment of Bell's personality at work, I would ascribe its effect to two different, though allied, qualities: first, a capacity, distinguished in an obituary article by A. D. Rodger in the *Oxford Magazine*, for finding out lame dogs and helping them; secondly, a gift for making people of all sorts and conditions feel, not that *he* was important, but that *they* were, so that they looked back upon their intercourse with him with satisfaction and anticipated its renewal with pleasure. It was a great thing, for example, to see the unmistakable warmth with which he, a parson, was welcomed in the Binley Miners' Club. No educated and intelligent man was ever farther from making simple people feel that he was "high-hatting" them.

After the man, the writings are at first something of an anti-climax. We are nowhere told in what connection they were written or to whom they were addressed, but most of them seem to be reprints of addresses to Brotherhoods or gatherings of Scouts or Guides, or of sermons delivered on special occasions in Binley Parish Church. Kenneth Bell possessed a gift for simple, direct, sincere preaching, but, set down in cold print, the assurances that rich and powerful people are not necessarily happy—"Don't look for a sweet smile or listen for a hearty laugh in a fashionable restaurant or a famous Club, if you are in a hurry to find either"—that nothing in this life is secure—"the hero of two wars will catch his death of cold watching a football match"—that you can't dodge pain, suffering and danger, but that a life without them would be lacking in zest, that war calls out man's noblest qualities, but unless we can find something to take its place our civilisation is doomed, that we don't need better hospitals and more skilful doctors so much as empty hospitals and unemployed doctors—seem a little trite. Yet the conclusion of "The Fight for Health," from which the last observation is taken—"the way to start making health normal instead of the exception is to start taking Christianity seriously"—partakes of the paradoxical rather than of the platitudinous.

Bell is at his best in setting forth clearly and simply for the benefit of people who may be assumed to be meeting them for the first time, the different views which exist as to the meaning and purpose of human history. Having surveyed the "chance" view, the Marxist view, the "great man" view, "the survival of the toughest" view, he clearly sets out his own which is that history is the process by which God's will and purpose reconcile to themselves the wills and purposes of men: "History makes sense if we see it as God's way of rousing man to realise that he can and must become God's partner in His work."

It would be wrong to conclude a review of *Belief in Action* without mentioning that it is inspired throughout by the beliefs, purposes and values of the Christian creed. It is far from easy to make righteousness readable, but Kenneth Bell may be said to have achieved the feat.

C. E. M. JOAD

TWO SURREALISTS

Selected Writings of Paul Eluard. *Routledge.* 21s.

Selected Writings of Henri Michaux. *Routledge.* 21s.

"A poem must be a breakdown of the intellect," wrote Eluard and Breton in 1929. "Therein lies its essence." Although Eluard left the Surrealist movement in 1938, this book of selections, which samples his work over a period of nearly forty years, shows how faithful he remained to the Surrealist dictum and how steadily his talent grew by its application. No construction, no cerebration, no art, no realism, no *littérature*—the loss would be intolerable if it were not already implicit in Eluard's personality. But he thrives under his arbitrary theory; the amputation of reason concentrates his power. Judged by the ordinary standards of realism, his range is limited; his main concern, for a quarter of a century, was with the unity that is created by the love of man and woman. But this theme, detached from the sterile world of the analysing mind, acquires a bewildering richness when it is transferred to the rambling illogic of dream-consciousness. Haunted by the persistent aspiration for an absolute purity of word and feeling, striving always to achieve

l'azur profond comme un tombeau
Qu'il me faut inventer
Passionnément
Avec des mots,

his verse moves towards a more precise perception, and yet a vaguer evocation, of this deliberately meaningless, consciously unreal, continuously delightful state of mind. It is, of course, "difficult" poetry: it has no construable meaning: it is an exercise in the fluent eloquence of the subconscious. But the discipline which Eluard repudiates in an intellectual guise persists at the word-making, image-forming level, holding together verse which would otherwise collapse into incoherence.

Paul Eluard was fortunate in his development. At a stage when he seemed in danger of being trapped by habit and condemned to a familiar pattern of exploration, he was overtaken by the War and swept into the Resistance. There he discovered an anger and a passion that had hitherto been lacking in his work. He defied the Germans, he went into hiding, he became the poet of occupied Paris. The increasingly transparent texture and ease of his verse enabled him to emerge successfully as a *poète engagé* whose commitment, while increasing his popularity, did not lessen his quality. In his longest, most ambitious and in many ways most interesting poem, *Poésie Ininterrompue*, he now reconciles his two themes, refining them down to the ultimate phrase, "*Nous deux nous ne vivons que pour être fidèles A la vie.*"

Mr. Lloyd Alexander's literal translation of Eluard, in spite of occasional uncertainties (*oreilles dressées* are not "trained ears," nor is Cornouailles so remote as it sounds), is competent enough, though the introductory essays, already

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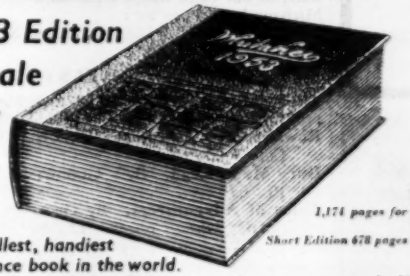

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ART NEWS and REVIEW

a little unseaworthy, have foundered in the Channel crossing.

A more rewarding task, in spite of similar uncertainties, probably confronted Mr. Richard Ellmann in his translation of Michaux. For Michaux's originality is less tightly bound to his words and inflexion. Hovering on the verge of Surrealism, he has always bluntly refused the constraint of any school or doctrine. Poetry (according to Mr. Ellmann's sensible introduction, Michaux even doubts whether his work contains any "poetry") is for him an analgesic, a means of purging himself of pain. Only when he opened Lautréamont's *Maldoror* did he realise that literature, which had hitherto appeared as a rational and calculated art, could offer him a means of personal expression. Surrealism was thus his charter of liberty. He accepted Breton's scorn for the mediocrity of the everyday world; he invoked his own right to present an entirely different spectacle.

Like Lautréamont, Michaux therefore uses the metaphor, not as a trapdoor through which he can slip into another universe and back again, but as a weapon with which to batter down conventional reality. In his mind the oneiretic thought of the Surrealists turns into a nightmare of blood and cruelty, a nightmare lit only by a sullen glow of humour and unexpected flashes of idiosyncratic beauty. A man, in Michaux's universe, does not merely resemble an ant or feel like an ant; he *becomes* an ant, and then, in rapid succession, a boa-constrictor, a bison, a whale. He does not merely imagine a landscape; the landscape emerges, solid and three-dimensional, from his head. Michaux thus creates new flora, new fauna, new peoples. He describes the Darelette and the Treme; he relates the adventures of the mysterious Pon and the unfortunate Plume; he explores Great Caraban, speaking of the Hacs, who specialise in animal fights, of the Emanglons, who arrange for the dying to be strangled by beautiful virgins, and of the unstable Hivinizikis, whose magistrates submit to their own sentences and whose generals are defeated by their own troops.

It is not surprising that Michaux, who was born in 1899, had to wait for recognition till his macabre fantasy had been overtaken by the still more macabre fantasy of war. In 1941, when Gide wrote his *plaquette* on Michaux, the French public was at last ready to have its topology enlarged and its blood curdled. It is a pity that the present selection, which was first published in French in 1944, was not supplemented by any of his more recent and more lyrical work. But we must be grateful to the publishers for allowing us to renew our acquaintance with Eluard and to walk, in our turn, through the dark door which Michaux holds open for us.

PHILIP SPENCER

NEW NOVELS

The Producer. By RICHARD BROOKS. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Rowanberry Wine. By DOROTHY COWLIN. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bury Me in Lead. By I. GOODWIN. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Tales of Adventurers. By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is impossible to tell you anything of Stahr's day except at the risk of being dull. People in the East pretend to be interested in how pictures are made, but if you actually tell them anything, you find that they are only interested in Colbert's clothes or Gable's private life. They never see the ventriloquist for the doll. Even the intellectuals, who ought to know better, like to hear about the pretensions, extravagances and vulgarities—tell them pictures have a private grammar, like politics or automobile production or society, and watch the blank look come into their faces.

Scott Fitzgerald's note on *The Last Tycoon* reminds us that no one has yet written the Great Hollywood Novel. His own work was left unfinished and we can hardly tell whether it would have been a great book or not. *The Day of the Locust* is a masterpiece in little; it deals only with the lunatic fringe of Sunset Boulevard. No one has yet entirely realised the subject's immense, Balzacian possibilities.

Mr. Brooks directed and wrote film scripts for eight years and his book bears all the marks of the disillusioned old hand. In treatment, it owes much to Mr. Bud Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run* and though it is not, like Fitzgerald's or like West's book, good literature, it gives what is probably a more authentic picture than either. Fitzgerald waved his magic wand over Hollywood, investing it with his own kind of intellectualised glamour. His tycoon is no Goldwyn but a "proud young shepherd"... "overworked and deathly tired, ruling with a radiance that is almost moribund in its phosphorescence." "It's nice being the only sound nut in a handful of cracked ones," Stahr tells the pilot on his way back to Hollywood. Matt Gibbons is no Stahr. He is as cracked as the rest of them. In him Mr. Brooks has embodied a world solidly based on false values. His pills and anxieties, his "den," with its fake walnut panelling, his unused swimming pool, the private "dick" hired to trail his wife, his thieving butler, his lavish tips, his big ready smile and crippling supertax is the expression of a common managerial predicament. It is a scarifying indictment and Mr. Brooks pushes it for all he is worth with the red-hot sarcasm of a D.A. before a Grand Jury.

Matt, his wife Natalie, and a good many of the leading characters are stock puppets, manipulated to strike simple attitudes—commercialism, integrity, neo-Fascism. What is good about this book, what gives it its pace and reality, are its minor characters—the agents, bit-part actors, publicity touts and stray megalomaniacs—and its dialogue. "She's a dog, darling," says the director of the new starlet, "One thing it doesn't belong in her mouth, it's words." Such a complaint cannot be made of Mr. Brooks. His dialogue is as objective and alive as his comments and descriptive passages are woodenly propagandist. His chief merit, however, is that he has attempted to give us Hollywood's "private grammar."

Miss Cowlin could hardly be farther from Mr. Brooks in subject and treatment. Her tale of adultery during an archæological expedition among the North Yorkshire Bronze Age Barrows is a vintage piece of campers' fiction; the Primus smells fiercely on every page. Collies, flintheads, besoms, Egyptian funeral rites and a randy old herb-woman provide momentary relief from the emotional predicaments of the middle-aged diggers, Roger and Stella. Stella is a wispy *femme d'esprit*, Roger a paunchy, knobbly horror of an effectual don. He is inclined "to put people on the right track with a rough but humorous shove" and has a nasty habit of removing the wax in his ear with a matchstick. Miss Cowlin brings this very unattractive couple together again on the penultimate page of her book. Her style is lush but didactic, a weird blend of *Country Life*, Professor Gordon Childe, North Regional Talks and the starred passages in *Cold Comfort Farm*. A shaggy, tweedy, brackeny book which manages to combine upper-middle-class fustiness with a peculiarly English sense of Sin.

A wide-eyed blurb proclaims that *Bury Me in Lead* is the work of a "born writer" and that "it is with genuine joy that the eye alights upon," etc. Mrs. Goodwin is certainly a born hair-raiser. As literature, her flesh-creeping account of medical low life in Edinburgh during the Burke and Hare reign of terror is strangely uneven. Parts of the book—the macabre students, the sketch of Knox the anatomist—are horrible with discretion. At other times, the atmosphere is that of a more than usually intelligent Sunday newspaper serial.

In the last twenty years the short story has become so much an æsthetic free-for-all that its vitality as a form of literary entertainment has been seriously impaired. Reading those pale hyper-sensitive exercises in Chekhov, Bates and Bowen—each of them like the same indefatigable music student painfully practising the same imperfect scales—one has the impression that too

many of our younger short-story writers write for each other rather than for the common reader. Mr. Household's new collection is the perfect antidote to such woolliness. Each of these fourteen stories, at its lowest valuation, is original, arresting and dexterously written. The writer spreads his net wide, fishing up a D.T. patriot in wartime, a stranded Levantine cabaret, a John Buchanish District Commissioner and a Mayfair *gourmet* running the gamut of the Iron Curtain to rescue his cook. Mr. Household, however, has his best-seller limitations and it is disappointing but hardly surprising that he should end one nearly perfect short story with a sickening and unnecessary "twist." JOHN RAYMOND

THE URBANE ENTHUSIAST

The Singular Preference. By PETER QUENNELL. *Collins.* 16s.

The reprinting of "occasional pieces" in volume form is a risky business, and apt to prove embarrassing both for the reader and—still more so—for the author himself. Those middle articles which seemed, at the time, to have such a lapidary perfection—how will they re-read after ten years or so? Those wise and witty reviews in the weeklies—how many of them have any permanent value as criticism? The bottom drawer is hopefully ransacked—but too often its contents exhale the faint but perceptible odours of corruption.

Mr. Quennell is a notable exception, and the essays in this book—many of which appeared in these pages—were well worth republishing in a permanent form. Most of them were written in the form of reviews, and the books dealt with are all on literary topics; they wear remarkably well—probably, I should guess, because Mr. Quennell seldom or never reviews a book unless he himself has something pertinent to say about its subject. The book itself, indeed, serves often as a mere pretext for a dissertation on some topic which has engaged his imagination: an admirable method, though occasionally, perhaps, a little unfair—as, for instance, in the essay on Wainewright, the poisoner, about whom Mr. Quennell writes with apparent omniscience, though in fact his material is drawn almost exclusively from the biography by Mr. Jonathan Curling, whose name is curtly relegated to a footnote.

Mr. Quennell is chiefly attracted to dead writers, and most of all to the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; he seldom cares to tackle the moderns—Kipling and Wells are his only excursions into contemporary criticism. His spiritual home has always, one feels, been Holland House—with occasional sorties into the coffee-houses; yet his tastes are by no means exclusive, and this book includes essays on Tourneur and Massinger, Joubert and Nerval, Defoe, Edward Lear and Matthew Arnold—a wide enough range, surely, to suggest that he is not, in any narrow sense, a specialist.

Mr. Quennell is both witty and urbane, and these qualities make him the most persuasive of critics. Reading, for instance, his essay on Massinger, I was almost convinced that *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* was a great play. Is it? Probably not: but to communicate his own enthusiasm is surely not the least of the critic's functions. Less austere and less solemn than many of his colleagues, Mr. Quennell is not afraid to enthuse; and he is, moreover, extremely—almost excessively—readable. How adroitly, for example, he engages the reader's attention in his opening sentences: "Of all the variously horrid forms in which sentence of annihilation has been passed on famous writers, none seems more unjust than that reserved for Matthew Arnold" . . . . It is irresistible—one hurries on to read of Arnold's sudden and curiously squalid death in Liverpool. Yet the essay on Arnold is no mere superficial sketch in the Strachey manner: it contains some sound and extremely penetrating criticism. How good he is, too, on Defoe, whom he salutes as the first English writer to deal with "one of the strongest of human passions"—the passion for "respectability." ("England is the country where almost everyone is conscious of being a little better than somebody else.") And in discussing the Jacobean dramatists he argues—very plausibly, I think—that the atmosphere of brooding horror which haunts their plays may perhaps be traced to the appalling spread of syphilis in the sixteenth century, and to the ensuing hatred and mistrust of physical sexuality. But perhaps the best pieces in this book are, after all, those which deal with Mr. Quennell's favourite period: Beau Brummell, Mrs. Thrale, John Cam Hobhouse—these and their like, one feels, are the people whom Mr. Quennell would really like to have known, and their personalities emerge from these pages with a vividness which owes something, no doubt, to the breadth of his erudition, but far more, I think, to his natural capacities as a stylist. Graceful, witty and exceedingly intelligent, he is revealed, in these "period pieces," as one of the most accomplished prose writers of his generation. JOCELYN BROOKE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Fear God and Dread Nought: The Correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher. Edited by ARTHUR J. MARDER. *Cape.* 30s.

Naval Cadet J. A. Fisher, who went to sea in 1854, was a writer of superb letters—high-spirited, full, exact and cogent; the First Sea Lord, as we leave him in this volume in 1904, wrote letters which, apart from content, were very similar. In the half-century between there lies a career of the greatest intrinsic interest and historical significance. In the flavour and in the power of personality, Fisher was great, and it is all to be found in the letters here presented and annotated by Professor Marder, in a book which is a model of how such work should be done.

This is largely a book of personal and naval life, for, although by 1904 Fisher had been Controller, C.-in-C. Mediterranean, and Second Sea Lord, at the end of the period he had only just embarked upon the process of reform which made him a great and controversial public personality. A *matériel* officer by career—he was Director of Naval Ordnance after being Captain of *Excellent*—Fisher was nevertheless completely orthodox about relative values. ". . . My humble idea is that '*men are everything and material is nothing*'" he wrote to Lord Esher, and it was as Second Sea Lord that he made his first national impact. Yet apart from its very great naval and personal interest *Fear God and Dread Nought* (the title is Fisher's armorial motto) would repay very close study by anyone contemplating an entry into public life in Britain: Fisher's combination of fabulous energy, showmanship, nerve, deviltry and sheer brain-power, his combination of Biblical uprightness and complete unscrupulousness, teaches many lessons. The second volume of these letters will be awaited with lively interest.

Hamey the Stranger. By JOHN KEEVIL. *Bles.* 21s.

The author, Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians, found in the archives a mass of letters written between father and son, both physicians connected with the College. Their lives covered the period between 1568 and 1676. The father came to England from the Netherlands to escape the Spanish persecutions, attached himself to the Earl of Essex, then went to Russia to be Physician to the Czar, was coveted by Boris Godunov, and finally escaped from that barbaric court after two uneasy years. He returned to England and became a Fellow of the College.

The lives of father and son overlapped by forty years, and during this time they were in constant correspondence (in Latin and Greek), thus leaving a contemporary record of social conditions by two men of enlightened outlook. Dr. Keevil has translated the letters and presented them with a commentary and notes remarkable for their scholarship and grace. The book is valuable to historians because it marks the transition from medieval scholarship and medical superstition to the dawning of a new scientific age and the founding of the Royal Society. This volume shows life in Elizabethan England, its curious and frequently horrific system

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of hygiene, its perennial subjection to outbreaks of plague, and the dim groping of more experimental practitioners, of whom Hamey the Elder was a capital example.

The Life and Death of a Newspaper. By J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

Continuing his history of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and its editors, Mr. Robertson Scott has again written a most enjoyable and valuable book. Two men, who could hardly have been in sharper contrast with each other, dominate it: John Morley and W. T. Stead. The author knew them both, and worked under Stead on the *Pall Mall* for a number of years. He brings them most vividly to life in their letters, journals and other people's reminiscences of them. On Stead he publishes much new information. What an extraordinary character the great Nonconformist editor was, with his constant assumption that he was in the confidence of the "Senior Partner"—God: one feels he might have stepped out of a novel by Mr. Joyce Cary.

Mr. Robertson Scott's recollections of the paper's later and less famous editors are scarcely less interesting. There is, for example, the wholly delightful Harry Cust, a member of "The Souls" who before taking over the editorship had had no journalistic experience at all: he was scrupulous in never publishing the contributions his proprietor, the first Lord Astor, showered upon him (for which he later paid the penalty), and on one occasion expressed his derision for the rest of the London Press by billing on his placards, when those of all his rivals announced a sensational murder: "Art Notes. Special". As an extended footnote to the history of English journalism this book will probably have permanent importance. Some indication of the change that has taken place during the past fifty years is contained in the author's quotation from a leading article called "The Blenheim Pup," on the early career of Mr. Churchill as an M.P. It ends: "The Blenheim pup must be got rid of as he is dirty about the House."

Aspects of Provence. By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

Mr. Pope-Hennessy's "aspects" are of time no less than space. He has visited, if flittingly, the French Popes, the Roman occupation, the roads ruled by cursing waggoners; he has gone back to Aix, to Pont du Gard; Vauvenargues, man and place, proved equally alluring and equally unscizable. This four-dimensional travel is not a mere trick or knack. Mr. Pope-Hennessy writes of places as they live for him; and in these pages vividly indeed do his favourite haunts emerge, old landscapes and towns, whose present occupation seems a pleasant or distracting mirage. Avignon so delighted him that he barely noticed (or at least does not record) the trippery roar that assaults a visitor: Mérimée, Lady Blessington, Henry James and others had been there; and his "aspect" is an entertainment of them as much as of the stones, plane trees, and skies above. Avignon may be, behind bright shops and trim restoration, slum-ridden; but this traveller didn't see it, or it didn't worry him; though he remarks on the murders, the corpses found floating under the bridges, that reflect a savagery in the Provencal temperament. He is a Romantic, a spy pushing ahead of the lumbering advance of History; and such a nature can find much to its entertainment in Provence.

Aix, Avignon, St. Rémy, Les Baux, the Rhône, the Pont du Gard aqueduct, and the lakes below the Mont Sainte-Victoire: these are all touched with the mild grace of an old water-colour. Arles seems rather inimical, but brings in Van Gogh and a passage on the northern temperament plunged into the lyrical volcano of the South that is the core of this extended essay. The extreme of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's mood is reached at Digne, where, disappointed with the town itself, he sits enjoying the relevant passages in *Beautés de Provence*. Much of Provence, its big towns, its sea-board, its riviera, are just ignored. Since the text picks its way so delicately, the photographs might have been rather more enterprising: old prints, in fact, would have been far more in the picture.

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Into the Dangerous World. By WOODROW WYATT. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., who is already known in political circles as one of the brightest of the younger members of Labour's Right Wing, has attempted by the method of selective autobiography to describe his emotional and intellectual progress from unthinking middle-class security into the turmoil of professional politics. Incidents and periods of his life, which seem to him to have left a permanent impact, or which have served as significant stepping stones into a world which may be more dangerous than Mr. Wyatt yet realises, are recorded fully and with occasional flashes of illumination. But the book is neither interesting enough in narrative, profound enough in comment, nor well enough written to be quite worth the effort Mr. Wyatt must have expended on it. Still, it is not without charm.

Mr. Wyatt emerges as a robust character, who perceives and conveys the good in many worth-while people and causes, and tilts at his favourite enemies—Eastbourne College, for instance, the 1939 Army and this journal—with a disarming absence of either weight or malice. A fair enough Christmas present for a favourite nephew who contemplates a similar journey from Esher to the Left Bank at Westminster.

English Parish Churches. Text by GRAHAM HUTTON. Photographs by EDWIN SMITH. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*

There are far too many books on this subject, but this, the newest, contains two hundred and twenty-six photographs of such incredible quality that no praise can be too high for them. It is not often nowadays that one is tempted to say that the subject "leaps from the page," but in Mr. Smith's photographs it nearly always does. His management of light is something extraordinary. Without a suspicion of halation, he introduces a tiny slit of window, the bright edge of a moulding or the full glare of an open door, while preserving, in the same picture, the lurking gloom of the unlit corner. And the brilliance of the photographs is admirably preserved in the gravure reproductions: one has the impression of looking at fresh prints. To this mainly Gothic banquet, Mr. Graham Hutton brings the salty paraphernalia of the ecclesiologist, so that we know what is EE and what is P and where the pillar-piscina is, even if we cannot see it. But this is not really an ecclesiological or even, in a technical sense, an architectural book. It is mainly a collection of masterly photographs of what is perhaps the most hackneyed of all photographic subjects, barring the human face—the old village church.

Pioneers of British Industry. By F. GEORGE KAY. *Rockliff.* 25*s.*

Mr. Kay has essayed with enthusiasm the task of compressing into a volume of just over 300 (lavishly illustrated) pages the story of the men responsible for the scientific and mechanical inventions which sparked the Industrial Revolution and made their mark on the 20th century. His gallery of profiles from Stephenson and Watt goes down to such contemporary inventors as J. L. Baird and Sir Frank Whittle, the begetter of the "jet." The author's approach to his subject is not at all unlike that of Samuel Smiles: effort and perseverance triumph and bring their reward—though not always to the inventor himself. The accounts of some of the industrial developments described are necessarily sketchy; and Mr. Kay would probably make no claim to having made a very serious new contribution to industrial history. Within its limits, however, this is a concise and agreeably written outline which should interest, as well as instruct, teen-age readers.

The Music Masters—Vol. III: The Victorian Age. Edited by A. L. BACHARACH. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Music from the death of Beethoven to the end of the nineteenth century, was written by two men—Liszt and Wagner. Though it is no longer fashionable to acclaim giants, and though by the accident of their birth-dates the lives of both appeared in the second volume of *The Music Masters*, their presence is implicit on every page of this one. In his preface to the whole work, which is a much augmented edition of his Pelican *Lives of the Great Composers*,

Mr. Bacharach pleads for tolerance—"there is much of subjective judgment in musical evaluation." That is true: but it is also true that there can be too much of toleration, so that a person of as little significance as Cui receives as much attention as his compatriot Tchaikovsky. The editor solicits essays from readers, upon their own favourites, if they have not been included. Any intending contributor should read Mr. Martin Cooper's studies of Bizet and Fauré, Mr. Christopher Grier's Delius, and, as a model of concise and expert writing, Mr. Rollo Myers's seven-page account of Emmanuel Chabrier.

On the dust-wrapper, the period of this volume (1834-1863) is sub-titled "The Romantic Age,"—on the title page "The Victorian Age." Romantic or Victorian, it was the age in which the composer at last gained status in society. It was Liszt who rebuked Nicholas I when the Tsar talked loudly at one of his recitals. The Master took his hands from the keyboard. After an awkward pause of some moments, the Emperor demanded of the pianist why he had stopped. "Sire," Liszt replied, "Music herself should be silent when Nicholas speaks."

French for Adults. By CHARLES DUFF. *English Universities Press.* 15*s.*

To teach a language to a child is one thing; to interest an adult who wants to teach himself—with such assistance as he may get, in the matter of pronunciation, from radio, gramophone records or a tutor—is quite another. Grammars of the academic type are deadly, and the "teach yourself" phrase-book manual is apt to leave the learner, at its conclusion, with a vocabulary which is both inadequate for many practical purposes and loaded with a lot of words he is unlikely ever to need. Mr. Duff's "all purposes" course manages commendably to avoid these pitfalls. He gives his pupils enough grammar to "get by"; his vocabularies, basic and practical, are selected with imagination and good sense; and, above all, he succeeds in conveying to a reasonably intelligent adult learner, starting from scratch, that French is a live language, that it is not too hard to speak it idiomatically, and that its press and literature are fun. *French for Adults* is not merely a clearly, logically arranged and admirably "displayed" textbook, but a useful guide to touring or living in France.

From this angle one may quarrel with Mr. Duff on one or two points. For instance, except in remote villages relying on dubious wells, it is not necessary, as he implies, to drink only mineral water; today, a tip representing one-eighth rather than one-tenth of the bill is indicated in restaurants; a thirsty man may be disappointed if he asks exclusively for a *bock* rather than *un demi* of beer; and in buses a ticket is *ticket*, not *billet*. There is also an odd mistranslation of *arracher* as "tear *up*," instead of *off*. But these are petty flaws in a book which should be a stimulant to beginners and very useful to those who want to "brush it up." The section on Paris colloquialisms might indeed be termed "advanced."

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,190

Set by Arachne McLeod

There has recently been a series of broadcast talks on the Seven Deadly Sins. Readers are invited to submit an epitome of one of the Seven Deadly Virtues. Usual prizes. Limit 150 words. Entries by *Monday*, December 22.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,187

Set by Edward Blishen

"Can any of your readers tell me the derivation of this quaint name?" is a familiar cry in the Sunday press. The usual prizes are offered for a Letter to the Editor responding, in a suitable spirit of inspired unlikelihood, to an inquiry about the derivation of one of the following: The Royal Academy, Chatham House, the Café Royal, King's Cross, The Old Vic, the Athenæum, the Home Office, the Tate Gallery and the Angel. Limit 150 words.

Report by Edward Blishen

The difficulty here was to be wildly wrong without betraying any enjoyment of error. In too many entries I could hear the smacking of lips as probability was outraged. I missed, too often, the tone of the Sunday philologist: eager, convinced, superior, inadvertently daft. A skid into tell-tale blankness helped, as C. M. Grossett recognised: "The boy's name was Blake: William, I think. I wonder if any of your readers has ever come across one of his drawings?" Lakon, miraculously entwining the Angel with Karl Marx, ended with a useful touch of political feeling: "Would it not be better to re-name the station 'Churchill'?"

Tate-sugar-cubes-cubism was a leap made by many, but by none innocently enough. C. Posnanski argued with pleasant plausibility that the Athenæum was founded for the worship of the Mother Goddess: "Obviously to call the club 'The House of Ishtar' or 'The Temple of Cybele' would have aroused unnecessary and unwelcome comment." Rhoda Tuck Pook supported her claim that King's Cross must be associated with Henry VIII by pointing to "the fact that the initials of Bishop Randolph are even yet to be seen conspicuously displayed on the railway terminus which covers the site." Other agreeable lunacies included a description of the Tate as "a teashop with paintings . . . The name derives from 'tay-time'" (O.B.J.): and a Chinese puzzle of puns from M. B. Shaw linking Charles II (*'La Tête Eperdue'*) with a certain "gal O'Leary."

After hesitations, I recommend that the prize be equally divided between the four printed below. Honourable mentions to P. M., Pat Bullen, Rhoda Tuck Pook, and D. R. Peddy.

The Athenæum began as a gaming club at 6, Carlton Gardens (the present Ladies' Annexe), and was at first known as Howell's after Lord Algernon Howell, whose horse Trisagion was the only gelding ever to win the City & Suburban Handicap. The Prince Regent, who (for reasons which it would, in both the true and popular senses, be impertinent to pursue) frequently visited a nearby house, one day sent an equerry to inquire the name of the new establishment. "'Owell's Club," said the hall porter.

"The Owls' Club," reported the equerry; and, H.R.H. shortly afterwards expressing a desire to "dine with the Owls," the committee discreetly changed the Club's name accordingly.

On moving to the present building it was re-dedicated, to the goddess to whom owls are sacred; and owing maybe to her influence, maybe to nineteenth-century bowdlerisation of the episcopate, the tone of the place gradually changed.

J. P. STEVENSON

Sir, I well recall my grandfather telling me, in 1905, that he once asked J. W. Croker this very question about the name *Athenæum* raised by "Puzzled." Although this information was of course confidential, I feel it can do no harm to divulge it now.

The name has nothing to do with Athens or Athene or anything else Greek: this was merely a blind to fool the unwitting. J.W.C., Lawrence, Davy and the others, all notorious practical jokers in their day, apparently agreed secretly to coin an apt name to describe this congregation of noble but somewhat weighty and inert gentleman. J.W., something of a linguist, suggested Old English *aetheln neun*—'noble family of corpses,'—which was received with acclamation by his fellow-plotters, and duly camouflaged into *Athenæum*.

Whether the name, etymologically speaking, is still apt to-day, I cannot say, but I gladly vouch for my grandfather's veracity. Yours, etc.,

(Rev.) D. Havelock Costard
R. W. V. E.

We are tempted to follow Apfelbrei (*Englische Ortnamensursprünge*, Erlangen, 1889) in deriving "Royal Academy" from "Royal Cad's Domain." Unfortunately, the name was in use before George IV, that detestable monarch, earned the soubriquet. We may also dismiss the theory that a girls' school (cf. Miss Pinkerton's) under royal patronage once flourished on the site, since it is only recently that princesses have been educated. Dryden hints at the truth when he writes (in *Absalom and Achitophel*) of

Arcadian haunts, where royal Eros reigns
And e'en the greybeard may forget his pains.

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He obviously refers to pleasure-gardens (cf. Vauxhall) frequented by elderly rakes. The juxtaposition of the words "royal," "Arcadian" (Burlington Arcades) and "Eros" (statue in nearby Piccadilly Circus) enables us to locate the site with certainty. With the growing sobriety of the times, the area lost its disreputable associations and the "greybeard" Academicians became what, in fact, they now are.

APPLETREE

Sir, Your correspondent "Perplexed" rightly questions the "Home" Office being so called in contradistinction to the "Foreign" Office; the antithesis of "foreign" is "native." Home, meaning a family's fixed residence (*e.g.*, Battersea Dogs' Home), is scarcely applicable to the palatial edifice temporarily tenanted by officials who leave it to go home.

There is little doubt that its original title was "Homer" Office, the final "R" being dropped in accordance with Grimm's Law; —compare "India Office," still frequently given its original pronunciation of "Indiar Office." A Homer, (not to be confused with the author of *Ulysses*), is a carrier-pigeon. This clearly establishes that the site was once occupied by a pigeon-house, a tradition preserved by the practice of pigeon-holing papers. What is more likely than that news of the victory of Agincourt was first conveyed home by one of these useful and interesting birds?

Veritas

PIBWOB

CHESS: Marathon Ending

No. 167

It may be due to the recent rule for adjourned League matches to be played out rather than adjudicated, and the useful result of more frequent endgame practice; but whatever the motive, I have had numerous requests for the resumption, once a month, of articles dealing with some particularly instructive practical endgame. A most reasonable request, not to be denied; nor could I think of a more suitable example to start the new series than the tenth game in the Schlechter-Tarrasch match of 1911. Since the contest, with three wins each and ten draws, remained undecided, it was his gruelling effort to win this particular endgame that saved Tarrasch the match. Even so, it wasn't an entirely faultless ending, which makes it still more interesting and instructive. (I am following Emanuel Lasker's and Tarrasch's own notes as well as Kieninger's thorough analysis in *Caissa*). After White's 43 move the diagram position was reached and Black (Schlechter), by Q-Kt1 ch, seized his chance of occupying the vital diagonal. Had he allowed Tarrasch to play Q-Q6 the QBP, of course, would have been unstoppable. Nor—as Lasker pointed out—could White afford (44) P-Kt3, as this would restrict his Q to sentry-duties on the base-lines rather than promoting progress of the pawns. Even at best, Black will threaten perpetual on his very next move.

(44) K-R1	Q-B5!		(52) K-Kt3	Q-Q3 ch
(45) Q-B4!	Q-Q7		(53) K-B3	Q-QB3 ch
(46) Q x RP	Q-R8 ch		(54) Q-K4	Q-QB6 ch
(47) K-R2	Q-KB5 ch		(55) Q-K3	Q-B7
(48) K-Kt1	Q-K6 ch		(56) P-QR4	Q x BP ch
(49) K-B1	Q x BP		(57) K-Kt3	Q-Kt3 ch
(50) Q-K2	Q-B8 ch		(58) K-R2	Q-Q3 ch
(51) K-B2	Q-QB4 ch		(59) Q-Kt3	Q-Kt5!

At the cost of a P Tarrasch has conquered the precious diagonal; but now he is being held again, and to make some headway he sacrifices another P.

(60) P-R5	Q x RP	(63) P-Kt5	P-B4
(61) Q-Kt8 ch	K-R2	(64) P-Kt6	Q-K6!
(62) P-QKt4	Q-KKt4!	(65) Q-Q6!	Q-QKt6!?

Strong, but only second-best. By pushing the BP (to be followed up by P-B6) Schlechter could have really achieved the draw which he thought to have in his grasp. Time-pressure explains the next moves.

(66) Q-QB6!	Q-K6	(77) K x P	Q-Q7 ch
(67) Q-Q6	Q-QKt6	(78) K-B3	Q-Q8 ch
(68) Q-QB6	Q-K6	(79) K-K3	Q-K8 ch
(69) Q-Q6	Q-QKt6	(80) K-B3	Q-Q8 ch
(70) Q-QB6	Q-K6	(81) K-K4	Q-K8 ch
(71) Q-Kt5	Q-B5 ch	(82) K-Q5!	Q-Q7 ch
(72) K-Kt1	Q-Q5 ch	(83) K-K6	Q x P
(73) K-B1	Q-Q8 ch	(84) P-Kt7	Q-Kt3 ch!
(74) K-B2	Q-B7 ch	(85) K-Q5	Q-B4 ch
(75) K-Kt3	P-B5 ch!	(86) K-B6	Q-K3 ch
(76) K-B3!	Q-B6 ch	(87) K-B7	Q-K2 ch

It still looks like a draw; but Tarrasch has a subtle plan, mainly based on weakening the Black K-position by his 93 move.

(88) K-Kt6	Q-Q1 ch	(92) Q-Kt4	Q-Q4
(89) K-R7	Q-Q5 ch	(93) Q-Kt1 ch!	P-Kt3
(90) K-R8	Q-K5	(94) Q-B2	P-R4
(91) Q-QR5	Q-B6	(95) P-R4!	K-R3

It seems a moot point—even Lasker didn't know the answer—whether on Black's 93 move a retreat to the base-line would have been the lesser evil. Tarrasch's next move is the key to his plan; thereafter all that remains to be done is for the White K to march to KKt8.

(96) Q-B7!!	Q-K5	(102) K-Q7	Q-Kt4 ch
(97) Q-Q7	Q-B6	(103) K-Q8	Q-Kt7
(98) Q-K7	Q-QB3	(104) K-K8	Q-KR7
(99) K-R7	Q-R5 ch	(105) K-B8	Q-Kt1 ch
(100) K-Kt6	Q-Kt6 ch	(106) K-B7	Q-B5 ch
(101) K-B7	Q-B5 ch	(107) K-Kt8	resigns

A: Schweinburg 1940 **B**: Szerbina 1952

C: Kopajev 1950

In this week's competition the usual four-pointer for beginners is a very neat *coup de grace* administered by Black. It is a mate in 2. **B**—White to draw—is easy enough to be rather over-rated with 6 points, but it is quite instructive. As for **C**—White to win—this is an extremely subtle endgame study, well worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 22.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 22

A: (1) K-Kt4, P-R6, (2) K x P, K-Kt1! (3) P-R6, K x RP, (4) K-Kt4, K x P, (5) K-B3, K-B1, (6) K-Q2, K-Q3, (7) K-K2, K-B4, (8) K-Q2, K-Q3, (9) K-B1, K-K2, (10) K-Kt1, K-B1, (11) K-R1, K-Kt2, (12 Kt x P ch, etc.

If (2) . . . K x P, (3) Kt-Kt8, B x Kt leads to an earlier stalemate.

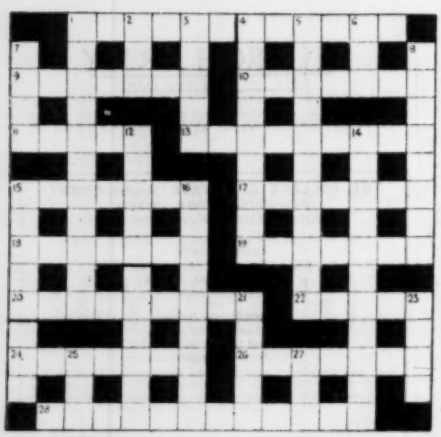
B: (1) K-R5, R-Q7, (2) R-K2, R-B7, (3) R-Q2, R-Kt7, (4) R-QB2, R x R, (5) R x R, P-R7, (6) R-B1, etc.

C: Kt-Q5 costs Black at least a piece.

Most competitors underrated the considerable subtleties of **A**: the only flawless solutions came from D. E. Cohen, M. Kaye and A. Schneider who share the prizes. In the 10th ladder decade (completed two weeks ago), 1st prize goes to Leslie Hale who has totted up 697 points since he started from scratch as the 5th decade winner last December. Relatively, J. R. Harman has done even better by amassing 643 points since the 6th decade. For 3rd and 4th prize we have a "photo-finish" between P. B. Sarson, a 4th decade winner who scored 589 as against the 588 accumulated by W. T. Maccall since the 5th decade. Next time some of the "steady plodders," even among the more recent competitors, may well be in the running.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 26



ACROSS

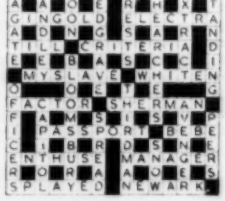
1. The understudy is to play after time (6, 6).
9. The college for a burglar (7).
10. Plumper game with no tail (7).
11. To handle roughly is, it must be understood, to tease (5).
13. The latest lie comes from a political dependant (9).
15. Plant an insect to be the forerunner of defeat (7).
17. About the turn of the month the descendants backed out (7).
18. Takes a cyclical course, so there is a setback to the succession (7).
19. If one's former love is happy about a Frenchman, one cannot expect a family wedding (7).
20. The transparent quality of port (9).
22. Less dangerous when fates are revised (5).
24. I get a brief quotation in the wrong order after a classical author—how stupid! (7).
26. Something to wear, seen in Rotten Row, for example (7)
28. Emotional places suit a translator who comes to the wrong sign (12).

DOWN

1. Tartuffe's, for example, was a woman who stood up for her sex (11).
2. The depression of a soldier (3).
3. Features look so different in the reverse of a coin (5).
4. Sample what is set for tea (9).
5. The two signatures of an illiterate cheat (11).
6. and 25. Tragic village in which only a small unit of life survives among vermin (6).
7. How love can make the back painful (4).
8. Favourable day with no date in the city (8).
12. A literary man out of this world? (5, 6).
14. Asiatic records progress singly (6, 5).
15. The respectable do not appear with this in public. No wonder it shows up the relations (4, 4).
16. Money for breaking secrets beneath a London district (9).
21. Man's constant companion (5).
23. Animals turn up to take the lead (4).
25. See 6.
27. A tacit one is habitually quiet, the foster-child of silence (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 25



PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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COMFORTABLE Bed-sitting Room to let with cooking facilities. Use of bathroom & tel. Jewish home. Rent £2. Box 5500.

A LUXURIOUSLY furnished Double Bedroom with hot and cold running water, gas fire and ring, £3 weekly; ditto, single, 45s. Halifax, 89a Alexandra Road, London, N.W.8. MAIda Vale 3436.

FURNISHED room, telephone, no service, until May 1 or longer. 35s. weekly. Full rent for period in advance. 'Phone FLA. 9855, afternoons or evgs.

HIGHGATE lge. sgle. b'sit. Fr. windows, terrace, h. & c., gas, independence. Use Bendix, bath, tel. £2 p.w. MOU. 9782.

HIGHGATE. Attractive Leasehold s/c flat for sale. 43 yrs. lease. G.R. & R. £37 p.a. Large sit. rm. with modern grate, dble. bedrm. with fitted el. fire, kit., larder, tiled b'room, h. & c. by Ascot, garden & use of space. £1,990. Large mortgage avail. Box 5581.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Furnished B.S. room, bright modern house; gas fire and gas ring; moderate rent; prof. or business woman; near Tube, buses. Box 5587.

LEICESTER 5 m. Comf. farmhouse, furn. rms., use k. & b. (h. & c.), 30s. Box 5414.

EXCHANGE 3-roomed garden flat, N.W.11, rent-controlled £100 p.a., for rented cottage/house/flat Surrey. Box 5416.

YOUNG writer needs room in London. Reasonable rent no deterrent. Box 5484.

YOUNG graduate requires bedsitter, brkfst., dinners by arrangement in home accessible City. Hampstead or Kensington areas preferred. Box 5447.

SCHOOLMASTER, wife, daughter urg. req. unfur. s/c flat N. London. Any reas. rent. Willing decorate. No prem. Box 5517.

EARLY Jan. young woman needs furn./unfur. rm./flatlet. Bloomsbury/Holborn/N.W.1. Any offers KEN. 5600 Box 5463.

PROF. artist (f.) reqs. living room kitchenette or equiv.; pref., not essen. Hampstead area. Mod. Brown, SLOane 9924.

UNFURNISHED flat wanted, West side of London, by Civil Servant. Box 5567.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BUCKS. Wendover Windmill converted to provide 2 large Reception Rooms, 3/4 Bedrooms. Large studio, Bathroom, Kitchen. The accommodation could be altered as required at very reasonable cost. All main services. An opportunity of acquiring a charming home ideally situated with a wealth of old-world atmosphere at a most moderate cost. Price £8,250 Freehold. Frank Limmer, F.A.L.P.A., Wendover, Bucks. Phone 2285.

A BLOCK of four charming country cottages set in the peace & tranquillity of a quaint N. Essex town—constructed in stud & plaster. 2 w. vac. possn. offering 4 liv. rms., kit., 4 bed. 2 adjoining cottages let good tenants Gdn. F'hold £1,100. Ref. 1378, Percival & Co. Sudbury (Tel. 2223/4), Sflk.

FAMILY house for sale. Freehold. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, usual offices. Easily run on two floors. Pleasant road 8 minutes station, Wallington, Surrey. Large garden. Price £3,700. Box 5521.

BLACK/White 3-bedroomed house for sale, gdn., all services, 2 recep. Outskirts Ringwood, New Forest. Perfect condtn. £3,750. Webster, 33 Northfield Rd., Ringwood.

SCHOOLS

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, co-educational progressive, independent, day and weekly boarding school; children 2-12 yrs. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Spacious grounds, small classes, individual work, project method, outdoor activities; pupils sit common entrance exam. 11+.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent, Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm T.T. bred. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

MORNING Nursery. Children 2-5. 50 Elgin Court, W.11. Modern education principles. Indiv. attention. Vacancies January. Monthly terms. Car service.

APPREHENSIVE Parent, whose advertisement in "The Times" for a school where his son would be happy was made the subject for a competition in this paper two years ago, now wishes to recommend small co-educational preparatory school on the Suffolk coast where his son has been really happy and well looked after for the last two years. Box 5013.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Government. The salary will be within the range of £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £256 (Australian) males and £179 (Australian) females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia is January 10, 1953.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812-£1,025; (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440-£707; (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440-£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S 53/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S 52/52 and S 128/52 for the other posts. Completed application forms must be returned by December 31, 1952.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Head of Television Design with responsibility to Controller, Television Programmes, for administration and supervision of Design & Supply Department, whose function is design, construction and supply of all scenery, furniture and properties and application of photographic and electronic scenic aids. Considerable experience in management of staff and economic use of resources is required. Candidates should be conversant with scenic design and lighting and have thorough knowledge of scenery construction technique, including estimating and costing. In particular they must be able to adapt previous experience to special electronic requirements of Television. Salary £1,485 per annum with 5 annual increments to £1,940 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T.Tel.Des., N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires secretaries for Italian and German Services. Accurate and quick typing from dictation in language concerned and working knowledge of English are required. Shorthand in appropriate language and previous clerical experience advantageous. Shift work. Starting salary £6 5s., plus 5s. language allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T/G.S., N.Stm."

COUNTY of Leicester, Children's Committee. Experienced Child Care Officer (woman) over age 25 years required. Salary A.P.T. Grade II-III. The officer will be responsible for all field work in one area of the County, and duties include a complete cross section of the work of a Children's Department. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma and/or Child Care Certificate. Knowledge of preventive work desirable. Driving licence essential. Apply by letter, giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, by December 22, 1952, to Children's Officer, St. Christopher's House, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester.

YOUTH Hostels Association, Birmingham Regional Group, 92 Aston St., Birmingham, 4. Applications are invited for the position of Regional Secretary. Applicants should if possible be shorthand-typists, with experience of book-keeping and statistical records, have organising and administrative ability, be active and energetic and have knowledge of the Association. Applications, in writing, stating details and salary required, to the Chairman at the above address.

NURSERY teacher or exp. person reqd. for morning group Jan. London. Box 5466.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences (Biological research and Infestation control) to a total of seven posts, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects; or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £678-£786; (women) £531-£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £274-£586 (men); £274/£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms must be returned by December 31, 1952.

EDINBURGH Corporation requires Community Centre Warden. Qualifications: (a) Scottish Senior Leaving Certificate or Higher School Certificate; (b) Training under S.L.T.A. or equivalent training or experience, and (c) 28 years of age or over. For those with these qualifications the salary scale is men, £470 rising to £570; women £350 rising to £460. For those who satisfy only (a) or (b) and are under 28 years but over 25, the salary scale is: men £420 rising to £470; women £310 rising to £350. Forms of application and particulars obtainable from Director of Education, 12 St. Giles Street, Edinburgh, with whom applications must be lodged by December 22.

A CONTEMPORARY Furniture Room will be opened early in the New Year at Beatties of Wolverhampton, which is the largest independent Department Store in West Midlands. Applications are invited for the post of sales manager in charge of this room where contemporary furniture, furnishings, carpets, china, glass and objets d'art will be shown. This post would be particularly interesting for a woman who is knowledgeable and 100% enthusiastic about contemporary design and interior decoration, and who has had practical experience of introducing and selling this merchandise to the public. Candidates should write to the Staff Controller, James Beattie, Ltd., Wolverhampton.

BRITISH Film Institute will appoint an officer, man or woman, to take charge of educational work in its Film Appreciation Dept. early 1953. Applicants should be qualified teachers with at least 3 years' classroom exp. Lecturing and organising ability and serious interest in film essential. Salary £650 p.a. Superannuation scheme. Write fully by Jan. 1, giving age, educ. qualifications, exp. film activities. Name one referee. Apply F.A.O., British Film Institute, 4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

ASSISTANT Secretary required for the Ilford Social Service Association. Experience in Citizens' Advice Bureau, Family Case Work desirable not essential. Social Science Diploma an advantage. Comm. salary £250 p.a. Candidates should apply to Sec., Ilford Social Service Assoc., 241 High Rd., Ilford.

PARTNER in large firm of City solicitors in modern office requires Secretary/Shorthand Typist. Alternate Saturdays free, three weeks' summer holiday. Write, stating age and salary required, to Box 173, Reynells, 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

EDITORIAL Assistant required by Nancy Spain. 5-day week, shorthand an advantage. Youth, intelligence, good typewriting more important than experience. Write 20 Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.4.

REQD., expd. first-class secretary shthnd. typist, intelligent, alert, able work on own initiative; hrs. 9-6, alt. Sats. Commencing sal. £8 10s. p.w. Box 5614.

THE North Kensington Women's Welfare Centre will be requiring an intelligent assistant for office work in the New Year. Typing essential, knowledge of office routine an advantage. Married woman prefd. Hours 9-5.30. No Sats. Write Superintendent, 12 Telford Rd., W.10, stating qualifics. & exp.

SHORTHAND-Typist Clerk for small congenial office. Permanent post for intelligent and adaptable person, preferably single. Write stating age, experience and salary required to Rationalist Press Assoc., 5 Johnson's Court, E.C.4.

SECRETARY reqd. by Harley St. physician. Willing to work irregular hours. Good knowledge of French and med. secretarial experience. Full partics.: Box 5529.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON Marriage Council requires Assistant to deal with appointments and general office routine (shorthand and typing essential). Married woman, 30-45. £6 10s. Willing to undergo selection and training for marriage counselling preferred. Written applications: 78 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., W.1.

SECRETARY for Art Gallery required, experienced, able to type English, French, German. No art hist. knowledge needed, but good educ. standard. Write, stating experience, references, salary required. Box 5536.

CITY Literary Institute. Services required of one or two persons qualified to give a lengthy course of lectures on the topography and history of London. Further particulars from the Principal at the Institute, Stukeley Street, W.C.2. (1292).

CAPABLE Catering Supervisor required for Jewish Boys' School (250). Very good wages. Apply to Box 5529.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRADUATE (m.) 26, 1st class Hons. French, seeks post. Box 5486.

PART-TIME work (secretarial, research?) sought by Law Graduate, Barrister, offering also adaptability and intelligence. Preferably in own office (London), mainly. Box 5472.

WOMAN, 27, B.A. Hons. English, Knowledge and love of music. Can type, drive car. Seeks interesting post. Box 5534.

YOUNG woman, experience teaching and office work, seeks congenial post. Interests: theatre, books, art. Box 5575.

TAILOR-Made Personal Assistant seeks employer with interesting job, 21, good education, typing, initiative, tact, frustrated actor. Box 5578.

EXPD. secretary seeks responsible post. Able take control. Shtnd./typist. Office organisation. Company work. Good knowl. German. Excellent refs. Box 5450.

WEEK-ENDS: Young woman, highly intelligent, reliable, wide interests, seeks work. Clerical, anything considered. Box 5425.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A MENDELSSOHN - BUTTERWORTH Scholarship of £250 for musical composition will be competed for in 1953. Closing date for entries, Feb. 28, 1953. Age limit 30 for persons of either sex. The scholarship is for travel and study abroad. Further particulars from Hon. Sec., Mr. J. R. Statter, Redcote, 48 Port Hill Gardens, Shrewsbury.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms in Special Provençal hotel. 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage Bandol (Var).

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters; farm produce; log fires; c.h.w.; 60 acres; from 5gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

CORNWALL. Trethurrick Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Come for Xmas and early Spring flowers in January. Open all the year. Golf, St. Enodoc. For Poet Quiet. Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne, and Polzeath. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

CROFT House, Burcot, Oxon. Oxford 8 miles. Ideal for winter residence, convalescence. Booking now for Christmas. Central heating. Fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 232.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. Open all year round. Reservations for 1953 Spring and Summer should not be delayed. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, special diets, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Tel.: Sharpthorne 17.

CHRISTMAS Week. Two or three couples welcomed for a happy, restful, well-fed week. Large country house, farm. All mod. comforts. Mrs. Wheeler, Peaquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. 'Phone Fowey 124.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (3 star), on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms. Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 8 10gns. p.w. Apply manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

A CHRISTMAS to remember! Clifton-ville's Palm Bay Hotel offers comfort, excellent fare and a variety of entertainment. Cocktail Bar; radio (by rediffusion) in all rooms. Terms 42s. per day. Write or telephone (Thanet 23385) for full programme.

SUNNY Majorca. 10s. per day for three good meals, cleanliness and comfort. A Catalina Vera's Pension, Vista Alegre, 51 Isaac Peral, Puerto de Andraitx, Majorca.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 21s. day, 6gns. wkly. incl., from Oct. 1. Tel. 1944.

TURNBERRY Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland's famous seaside resort and Ailsa Golf Course. Reservations should be made early for 1953 season. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

THOSE needing warmth, comfort and good food in quiet congenial private hotel (noted sheltered winter resort) invited write fully informative brochure (illustrated). 6½ to 4½gns. (4th floor) inclusive gratuities, early tea, 3 meals plus afternoon tea, coffee daily, well heated bedroom (cen. heating throughout). Twin Beds; Slumberlands; h. & c. Two well appointed Lounges. Convalescents welcome (breakfast in bed). Recommended by readers, also Quakers, etc. Normanhurst, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Facing South; best pos. 3-mile prom.; opp. covered walk. Nr. Sun Lounge (orchestra daily); curative baths.

GLENEAGLES Hotel, Perthshire, famous wherever golf is played, reopens for 1953 season at Easter. Early reservations for Coronation Year advisable. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. Very popular West Country hotel. Golf, fishing, tennis, etc., within own grounds. Open all year round. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

IDEAL for quiet winter holidays, with good food, warmth, every comf., amidst peaceful surrndgs. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

A COUNTRY House Christmas. Excellent food. Slumberland beds. Children welcome. Terms 4gns. Cossington Guest House, Bridgwater, Somerset.

ENJOY a Happy Xmas or New Year away in Welsh Mountains. Stay at Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, Caerns. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

STEANBRIDGE: quiet guest house in unspoilt Cotswold valley has a few vacancies with view to permanency. People of all nationalities welcome. Home-grown produce: breakfast in bed (opt.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way. Jordans; charming modern Guest House in lovely country; London 24 miles. Telephone Jordans 2155.

ATTIC Club Meals. Famous for high food value. Pure whole food only. Over 144 High Holborn. Opposite Town Hall. Membership 1st December 31: 2s. 6d.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"HINTS on Etiquette" with delightful 7 colour plates. Most charming, amusing small gift book, 3s. 6d. Turnstile Press.

SULTAN'S Pleasure is a delectable dish—and so are all the other recipes in "Sultan Pleasure." Published by Peter Garnett of 47 Welbeck Street, Lndon, W.1, at ten shillings and sixpence.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

EVER been bobbed or shingled? Then read R. D. Woodall's "Haircut, Mefano?", 7s. 10d. by post. Tectoes, 29 Carter Rd., Birmingham, 22a.

"LABOUR Israel." Mapam Journal. Curr. issue: "The Prague Trial." 4s. 6d. p.a. post free: Mischmar Publ., Ltd., 8 York Place, Strand, W.C.2.

I THINK I'll marry a prince now cos on Sunday I cooked the dinner ever so well. Mummy thinks so too. I got Philip Harben's "The Young Cook" book. That's why. Peter Nevill, 10s. 6d.

"SEX—Beliefs & Customs." The new, terrific book by Albert Ellis, M.D. Foreword: Norman Haire. "Takes up where Kinsey Report leaves off"—U.S. Press. "Wise & enlightened"—Bertrand Russell. Will both shock & amuse. Of all booksellers or 18s. 9d. post free Peter Nevill, 50-52 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 52s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

NIMRODS. The Book Hunters, will find that book you want. Send your list of wanted titles to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

PRESENTS & Secondhand Books. Lists of Modern Works in fine condition at bargain prices immediately on request. Prompt reporting. Instant despatch. Lumberth, 256 Durnsford Rd., S.W.19.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre. "Leaves Lady Chatterly's Lover asleep at the post" (Punch). Now available again 12s. post free; Bernard Hanison, Ltd. (Dept. NS3), 11 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

YOU must read "Intimacy." See advertisement above.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Dalgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

ANTIQUARIAN & Modern Books. Lists: Lumberth, 256 Durnsford Rd., S.W.19.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 and 8. Fay Compton in Jean Cocteau's "The Holy Terrors." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Tues., Dec. 16, 7.30, German Film, "Council of the Gods," and Chaplin comedy. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 6.30. "The Sky is Red," London's most startling Play.' News of the World. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Dec 14: Rossellini's "Open City" (A). From Dec. 15: "Les Enfants du Paradis" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Dec. 14, 7.30. "Cesar" (A) (France).

GIDE, Penn Warren, Borchert "First Stage" Soc. reading by William Devlin, Selma Vaz Dias, David Evans, Sun., Dec. 21, 8 p.m., at Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Pl. Mems. 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d.; subs. 2s. 6d.

BARTOK'S "Bluebeard's Castle." Joan Cross, Arnold Matters, Stanford Robinson. Opera Circle, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sun., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8. WES. 7513.

"SOLDIER'S Tale," Strawinsky. 1st Public Perf. of full stage version in Eng. King George's Hall, Gt. Russell St., W.C.2. Dec. 18 at 7.30. Theatre Music Group.

THE Hungarian Club announces a gay New Year's Eve Party (Szilveszter Est), Wednesday, December 31, 8 p.m. Entertainments, Music, Dancing. Hungarian Food & Wines. Tickets for Members & Friends 4s. Admission at door 5s. Obtainable in advance from the Secretary, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

Y.P.C. of the J.N.F. present a Gala New Year's Eve Dinner and Ball at the Empire Rooms, Tottenham Court Rd., on Wed. Dec. 31. Dancing to Claude Cavalotti & his Orchestra and to Don Phillipe and his Samba Band, 7.30 to 1 a.m. Tombola, Carnival Novelties, Square Dancing. Tkts., incl. Dinner & Buffet, £2 12s. 6d., from Miss S. Sensilve, 31 St. Marks St., E.1. ROYal 5852.

GRAND Xmas Eve Dance. Refreshments proceeds dependants of resisters in South Africa. Chenil Galleries, next Chelsea Town Hall. 7.30-12 p.m. Dble. 7s. 6d. Single 4s. 6d.

ENJOY yourself in a jolly atmosphere at the Hungarian Club (33 Pembridge Sq., W.2). Dancing to the Swing Serenaders, Sunday, December 14, 7 p.m. (Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d.). Restaurant open.

CONCERTS

LOUIS Kentner in a Liszt Recital (presented by the Liszt Society). The Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tues., Dec. 16, at 7.30. Harmonies poetiques et religieuses: Ballade No. 2; Fantasia & Fugue on "Ad Nos"; Mephisto Waltz No. 4 (1st public perf.); Grand Galop Chromatique. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (At Friends House on night if recital only.)

SUNDAY, 14 p.m. December 21. Royal Festival Hall. Soviet Artists. Gilels, piano, Bezrodny violin, Kabalevsky conducting his own work. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Norman Del Mar. Brahms, Butterworth, Tchaikovsky. Tickets 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. 2s. 6d., on sale shortly from Box Office, Royal Festival Hall (WAT. 3191); agencies. Presented by Educ. Ctee., British-Soviet Friendship Society.

CONCERT of Contemporary Rumanian Music. The New London Quartet. Alan Loveday (violin), Leonard Cassini (piano). Compositions by Enescu, Toduta, Negea, Feldman, etc. Conway Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s 6d. (Inc. Tax). British Rumanian Friendship Assocn., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (MAI. 5988).

VENTSISLAV Yankoff. Pianoforte Recital at Wigmore Hall, Fri., Dec. 19, at 7.30. Works by Beethoven, Brahms, Ravel, Moussorgsky, 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, Wei., 2141, and agts. Ingpen & Williams, 31 Clarges St., W.1.

THE Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, W.C.2. Music for Christmas. Tuesday, December 16 at 7.30 p.m. The Carter String Trio and the Combined Choirs of Loughton High School for Girls and Bancroft's School. Programme to include Trios by Bach and Finzi, Missa Ave Maria (A. Fevin), Works by Palestrina, Sweelinck, Victoria, etc. English & European Carols. Ad. free. Programme 2s.

MARYLEBONE Parish Church, W.1. Saturday, December 20, at 8.30 p.m. The Renaissance Singers. (Director: Michael Howard.) Works by: Schutz, Morales, Purcell. Introduced by Alec Robertson.

EXHIBITIONS

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Pictures by Bateson Mason, Felix Kelly, Paul Maitland (1869-1909). Drawings by Clifford Hall. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture by Kenneth Armitage. Pottery by James Tower. Pen and Ink Drawings by "Scottie" Wilson.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

ROYAL College of Art. Painting, Sculpture, Graphic Design, R.W.S. Galls., Conduit St. W.1. Dec. 10-31. Wk. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

APOLLINAIRE Galerie, W.C.2, opposite St. Martin's Theatre and The Ivy. Recent Paintings by Frederick Konekamp. Dec. 15-January 17, 11-7 incl. Saturdays.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Graham Sutherland. Ideas & Studies for Festival Painting "The Origins of the Land." Keith Vaughan. Retrospective Oils & Gouaches; Contemporary French & English lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1

TOOTH'S Recent Acquisitions VII, incl. paintings by Degas, Renoir, Canaletto, Wilson, Courbet, Corot, Picasso, etc. Dly. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhibition, Oils, Water Colours, Sculpture, 10-5. Excluding Sunday.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., Italian Rococo Paintings and Piranesi Etchings. Mon.-Fri., 10-5; Sat. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Lithographs—Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso (1952), Vuillard, Chagall, etc. Also Redouté "Roses" and Thornton "Temple of Flora."

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Work by Artists of Abbey Art Centre, New Barnet. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

IMPERIAL Institute Gallery, Imp. Inst. Rd., S.W.7. Contemporary Ceylonese Paintings by artists of the 43 group. Till Dec. 15. Dly. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

A.I.A. The Mirror and the Square. An Exhibition ranging from Realism to Abstraction. New Burlington Galleries. Dec. 2-Dec. 20. 10-6 inclusive Saturdays. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Charming Small Works by English and French Artists.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Winter Exhibition of Drawings and XIX Century French Paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Bacon. Paintings by F. L. Rolphe. Trompe l'oeils and Flowers by Richard Chopping. Until Jan. 2.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Anne Redpath. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Dec. 16: Mrs. T. Billington-Greig, "A New Approach to Sex Equality." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Friday, Dec. 12. Co-operative Society Speaker, "Co-operatives in Relation to the Labour Party."

"INSIDE South Africa": Fred Barton, Peter Abrahams, Rashed Gool, Sybil Morrison, Vera Brittain, Fenner Brockway, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P. Chair: John McNair. Dec. 16 at 7.30. (Doors open 6.30.) Conway Hall, London, nr. Holborn Tube.

ANGLO-GERMAN Association: Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn on "Modern German Theatre." Thursday, December 18, Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

"MEDICAL Treatment in Czechoslovakia." Miss Maggie Jordan will be speaking on her own experiences, on Tues., Dec. 16, at 7.45 p.m. at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Chair: Dr. Leonard Ison, M.R.C.S. All welcome. British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

"KENYA—Demand Justice for its People." Public Meeting, Wednesday, December 17, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, W.C.1. Speakers: R. Palme Dutt and others. Admission free. London Communist Party.

KIMCHE Jon Lect. on "Israel and the Arab States." In the chair: J. Hulevy, Esq., M.Sc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Mon. Dec. 15, 8 p.m. Adm. free. Resvd. seats 2s. 6d. and 4s. fr. Zionist Federation, 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

A. ASHTON Burall. "The Real Nature of the Artistic Impulse." Hampstead Eth. Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn., Sun., Dec. 14, at 7.45.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 14. S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Later Testament of Dr. Joad." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

SHAW Society: Alan Keen on "Shaw and Shakespeare"; chair: Esme Percy. 7 Albemarle St., W.1, 7 p.m., Monday, Dec. 15.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 20, at 6 p.m.: Christmas Carols in Several Languages.

"CAN Religion Help to Unite Humanity?" address by Rabbi Leslie J. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, December 14, at 11.30 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. Tues., Dec. 16, 8.30. Lect.: "Francis Bacon," A. D. B. Sylvester (illustr.). Fri., Dec. 19, 8.30. S. African Composers pres. by Prof. Erik Chisholm.

A.I.A. Art Film Evg., New Burlington Galleries, W.1. Tues., Dec. 17, 7.45. Grandma Moses, Henry Moore, Ronald Searle, Michael Ayrton, Leonardo, Botticelli & other art films. Tkts. 2s. 6d. in adv. or at dr.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Dec. 17, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "My Visit to Pekin," Desmond Donnelly, M.P. Admission 2s.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Tues., Dec. 16, Mr. A. T. Pilley, Principal of the Linguists' Club, on "The Interpreter at International Conferences." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

EDWARD Conze: "Buddhism and Modern Man."At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 14 at 11 a.m.

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam), 17 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Wed., Dec. 17, 8 p.m. "My Visit to People's China": Mrs. Nancy Silverman.

P.P.U. Religion Commission and Movement for a Pacifist Church of Christ. Service Sun., Dec. 14, 6.15 p.m., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse by Rev. Claud Coltman, M.A. B.Litt.

MISS Sukesi Budiardjo will speak on "The Fight Against Illiteracy in Indonesia," December 19, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace and Craven Rd.).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MUSIC & Drama: Nativity Play. Eva Faithfull & K. Russell. Dec. 19-21, Brazners Park, Ipsden, Oxon. For Junior Conference, see "Personal" column.

CHILDREN'S Lectures on the Theatre at the Christmas holidays by Sybil Thorndike, Richard Southern, Donald Wolfit and Rosalind Iden, Martin Browne, George Speaight, John Clements and Kay Hammond —on Model Theatres, Puppets, Great Actors, Famous Plays, at the British Academy, Burlington Gardens, on Mondays and Fridays from December 29, at 3 p.m. Serial Tickets for six, incig. tea, 25s., from British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. (EUS. 2666.)

SPANISH Evening Classes. All grades from Jan. 12 Details: Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. (SLOane 7186.)

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes. All grades from Jan. 7. Details: League Committee, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. SLOane 7186.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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